

The Listener

Published every Thursday by the British Broadcasting Corporation



March sky

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In this number:

Arthur Bryant, David Low, Rt. Hon. Emanuel Shinwell

THE  TIMES

Review of the BRITISH COLONIES

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New Hope in the United States

By JOSEPH HARSCH

WASHINGTON has enjoyed a beautiful clear, sunny weekend. The first green from spring bulbs is showing in the grass, the worst of the winter weather is over. More than is usual, the minds of men here in this capital city of America are moving with the weather to a new sense of spring being not far away, and with the spring a new hope.

During this past week the two men in Washington who are best informed about the state of affairs spoke publicly with a note of confidence as though the long winter of anxiety were breaking. One of them was General Omar Bradley, Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff of the American Armed Forces; the other was Harry S. Truman, President of the United States. Both of them spoke at ceremonial occasions and spoke in guarded terms. General Bradley had gone, on George Washington's birthday, to Valley Forge, the scene of the hardest ordeal of the American army in the Revolution.

Mr. Truman spoke at a breakfast of former Grand Masters of the Masonic Order. Optimistic notes sounded on such ritualistic occasions can be meaningless—usually they are—but this time there was substance behind what was said. When General Bradley declared at Valley Forge his conviction that we will win this struggle for freedom's survival, he was saying in public less than he has been willing to say among friends. He does incline to think on the basis of all the military information which comes to his hands from the four corners of the world that our common western cause does seem to have come through the darkness of the winter and is breaking out into clearer skies. The President expressed his belief that we are gradually approaching a position in the world

where a third world war can be prevented. In saying that, Mr. Truman was expressing the general thought which comes from the things he has been hearing of late from General Bradley, from Secretary of State Acheson, from General Walter Bedell Smith, the Head of his Intelligence Service, and from the men who are managing the sprawling and disorderly but massive programme of rearmament on the American industrial front. The sum and substance of what all of them say is that we do appear to be approaching a position where a third world war can be prevented; they, in fact, already have reached that position.

The elements in this changed sense of our ability to influence our destiny are by no means all military. However, I will take it first, because without military confidence the minds of men in this town could not accept the implications of strength in other areas of the common effort. The news in this military area is that the leaders of the American land, sea and air forces believe that already it is too late for the Russians—if they ever entertained such an idea—to win a military decision by a quick and paralysing blow. The confidence goes even farther; it is believed here now that the west does have it within its physical power to strike so much harder a blow in the opening days of war, if it came that Russia would inevitably lose the war.

There are three major elements in this new military confidence. One is the greatly improved turn of events in Korea; of that you are as fully informed as I am, so I need not dwell upon the details. Another is that the mobilisation programme, begun here with the Korean war, has by now more than replaced the units sent to

Korea. The uncommitted reserve strength of the American Armed Forces stationed inside the United States today exceeds the total in the United States at the time the Korean war began: that is, in spite of the forces sent to Korea, the United States could send more forces in better condition of training and equipment to Europe or to any other theatre than it could have sent before Korea. The third element is expanded air power. Here is where the greatest effort has been made in the rearmament programme. I believe the striking power of the United States Air Force has been doubled since the Korean war began.

Giant Strides by American Air Force

The superficial measurement most commonly used is that the number of operational air groups has increased over this period of time, from forty-eight to seventy. That measurement, however, ignores the even greater expansion in production of new equipment and the training of new air crews. In the pre-Korean period the United States Air Force had the capacity to strike a single massive blow with atomic weapons, but it was weak in capacity to maintain and follow up an initial attack, and it was woefully weak in tactical ground support units. At that earlier time, the American air arm was able only to injure Russia; it was not capable of supporting an honest effort to defend western Europe. Today it is acquiring such ground support strength in giant strides. I think the best way to express the new condition is to say that the most active subject of study at the Defence Department today is the problem of using tactical air power from the flanks of Europe to prevent any great mass of Russian ground strength from ever reaching the Rhine.

Mr. Finletter, the Secretary of the Air Force, has just returned to Washington from a visit to Turkey for the express purpose of tying Turkey in closer with the task of defending western Europe. Turkey is one of the more important places from which United States tactical air power would attempt to strike at the supply lines of any Russian force driving towards the English Channel.

Then, moving to other areas in this story of rising faith in the possibility of peace, we have gone through an argument in this country of which much has been reported in your press—the argument about sending American ground troops to Europe. At one time this argument seemed to be having a decisive effect in America. This argument is finished long since. It has not divided America; it has clarified. A decisive postscript was written to the affair last week* when Senator Kenneth Wherry of Nebraska, the champion of the anti-troops-to-Europe faction in the Senate, was given his chance to present his witnesses. He found two national organisations which would support his views. One was the super-patriotic Daughters of the American Revolution; the other was the Progressive Party, which, since the defection of Mr. Henry Wallace, has become little more than a window-front for the Communist Party. The super patriots and the communists—a curious combination. That was all Mr. Wherry could rally to his cause; he was unable to find a single Air Force General who would say that we could afford to neglect the defences of Europe, though he tried hard enough. He was unable to find any other national group, political or otherwise, which would commit itself to his cause. So isolation in the United States has been reduced to its hard and irreducible core of the self-conscious super-patriots and the communists; and everyone else—which means, I think, about ninety-five per cent. of the population—has accepted the fact that we are going to make a really honest effort both to save Europe and to save the peace.

The information Mr. Acheson has sent to Mr. Truman from the Department of State is important also to the rising sense of confidence. He is able to report, and has reported, that America is part of a closer-knit system of alliances than it was eight months ago, six months, or even one month ago. That system of alliances has been subjected to strains. Mr. Acheson admits that he was responsible for one of those strains himself when he launched the rearmament of Germany on the basis of inaccurate estimates of French reaction. Mr. Acheson has modified his position on the subject, with the result that United States-French relations have been improved.

Another strain was the 38th parallel issue. Apparently that one could still stand a patch of improvement, but it has not caused a major rift between Washington and London. If Moscow thought that it would, Moscow has been disappointed. I suspect that the present controversial matter of the Atlantic Sea Command will work out at least as well. I am sure that if your Parliament seriously wishes that post for a British Admiral and makes its case loudly, it will obtain its wish, and with no residue of hard feelings over here either. Anglo-American relations have not been wrecked on the 38th parallel reef. Mr. Acheson has

assured the President that they are not likely to be wrecked on any other reefs, least of all the Atlantic Sea Command. And he has also been able to report that the Russian propaganda peace offensive has done no harm to the alliance. On the contrary, western unity is stronger today than it was when the Korean war and the Stockholm peace petitions were launched.

The domestic industrial picture is the least orderly of those presented to Mr. Truman. Organised labour is in current revolt against what it considers to be insufficient representation at the top level of wage and price controls. As soon as the labour leaders are mollified, as I am sure they will be, there will then be trouble with the farmers, and after that, with industry. All three are being pinched by the first touches of the new austerity and they are complaining. But the complaining was inevitable. What really counts is that the United States is muddling through its conversion to rearmament in disorderly yet effective manner. Of all the information which has caused the new sense of confidence, the most important, I think, is what General Walter Bedell Smith brings to the President from the Central Intelligence Agency. He is the man who reports on the spread of national communism through Europe—the defections in the Italian Communist Party, the Clementis affair in Czechoslovakia, the stirrings of the new anti-Russian Communist International. He has reported to the President that Moscow is in the process of losing its most powerful single weapon, the weapon of the United World Communist Movement operating under Stalin's orders. The news of the corrosion of this weapon comes to Washington at a crucial time. We all know that there is an impatient quality in the American nature; every man here in Washington who has shaped the growth of American military strength has also looked ahead with anxiety to the time when the rising curve of American strength would meet the rising curve of American impatience produced by taxes and privations. When those curves meet, the demand for what some people call 'a preventive war' could become a serious threat to the peace. Concern about that danger is not, I can assure you, limited to the British Isles.

Pacifying the Impatient

Last week the State Department was so concerned about this problem that it instructed Doctor Philip Jessup, the man who has been charged with the preliminary negotiations with the Russians over the Big Four Conference, to deliver a speech against preventive war. One reason for the speech was that *Time* magazine had carried a leader in its current issue declaring that the United States was not mobilising for indefinite containment but to end the present intolerable state of danger. It is this trend of thinking, inevitable when strength meets impatience, which makes the weakening of communist unity so important. Without news of such a weakening the task of winning peace without war would seem so endless and so burdensome to the average American that he might come to demand war. But when such news does come, as it has come, then Mr. Truman can speak of the approach of the possibility of avoiding a third world war, because, understanding the American temperament, he recognises that this news is the necessary balance to American impatience; it is the news which makes it possible for the average man-in-the-street to believe that the task is manageable without war, that there is a reasonable prospect that within a reasonable period of time, a united and a rearmament western world will be respected by the Russians. This is the news which justifies patience. It is the final reason, therefore, why the men at the controls here in Washington are speaking in these lovely warm spring days as though they felt within themselves a new hope emerging from the dark fogs of the winter.—*Home Service*

The Year Book of the United Nations 1948-49 (obtainable from H.M. Stationery Office, price £4 10s. 0d.) is now available. Within its 1,100 pages it contains information on the origins and evolution of the U.N., its developments from January 1946 to September 1948, and an account of its activities during the period under review (September 1948 to December 1949). In a foreword the Secretary-General, Mr. Trygve Lie, writes: 'Those who may be inclined to take a pessimistic view about the future of the Organisation by merely dwelling on the stresses to which it is subjected in political and security matters would, undoubtedly, get a more balanced view of the United Nations by studying the record of its achievements in the economic and social spheres, and in the field of International Trusteeship'. Also available is the second edition of *Everyman's United Nations* (Stationery Office, price 9s.) which in 300 pages provides a reference book to the structure, functions and work of the U.N. and its related agencies.

Popular Hero of the Gold Coast

By ROBERT STIMSON, B.B.C. special correspondent

IT was a red-letter day in Accra when the new Legislative Assembly met for the first time, under a Constitution that gives the Africans of this British colony a wide measure of self-government—more self-government, in fact, than the people of any other African colony have. In spite of the enervating sun and the tropical humidity, a big crowd of Africans turned out to watch. They were wearing everything from missionary shorts and khaki shirts to the traditional gay, flowing robes of the Gold Coast. Many women had babies strapped snugly on their backs, their little black faces peering with immense gravity just above the band of cloth that harnessed them in.

The crowd was waiting to see the new members arrive, especially those who had been returned by popular vote in the recent elections. They stood patiently on the parched stretch of open ground—the old polo ground they call it—that lies between the sea and the town hall. Here and there, round this rather drab grey building, a few scarlet blossoms struggle half-heartedly against the harshness of the dry season. Suddenly, a cheer went up as a car swept round the bend—a car flaunting a big red, white and green flag, the flag of the extreme nationalist party, the Convention People's Party, which is asking for self-government—now. Many people in the crowd gave the party salute—the right hand held closely to the shoulder, with the palm showing and the five fingers spread out, and they shouted the party greeting—'Freedom'. In the car was the party leader, Kwame Nkrumah, a 41-year-old Gold Coaster who spent a good many years in America and England. Eight days before the opening of the Assembly he had been in prison, serving a sentence for inciting an illegal strike. Now he was taking his place in the Assembly, the most important man there; for it looked as though he and his party would control the voting. He was wearing white—the colour of victory—a white velvet toga thrown across one shoulder, and on his head a white turban. Other members of the party, too, were in flowing robes, but of orange and green and blue, even those who normally wear European clothes. The gossip was that Kwame Nkrumah had asked them to attend this first meeting of the Legislative Assembly in national costume, to show

their patriotism—rather as Mahatma Gandhi's followers wore homespun cotton.

In some ways Kwame Nkrumah has taken Gandhi as his model—a picture of Gandhi has an honoured place in the party headquarters, and there is a silvery urn with a motto about non-violence. Party members who have been in gaol as political prisoners wear a badge of martyrdom—a white prison cap with the letters P.G. on it—P.G. for 'Prison Graduate'. There



Kwame Nkrumah, leader of the Gold Coast Convention People's Party, victorious in the recent elections, photographed after his release from prison

are other ways in which Kwame Nkrumah is copying Gandhi, or the sort of thing that Gandhi might have done in similar circumstances. For example, he has told his party not to take their salaries, either as ordinary members of the Assembly or as ministers, until full self-government is achieved. They are to hand the money to the party funds, and get back what the party decides is enough for simple living. There is to be no question of elegant ministerial bungalows, and no fraternising with European officials except in the strict line of business.

This austere, reserved approach of Kwame Nkrumah's towards the new Constitution has charmed the masses of the Gold Coast: the clerks in government offices, the students, the fisher folk all up and down the coast, the peasant farmers, the workers in the mines. He is their man, because he is not satisfied with this 'half-a-loaf' constitution—he means to lead them, they think, to real independence—to a really free country that they are already calling Ghana.

Correspondents covering the Gold Coast story had proof of Nkrumah's popularity on the day he came out of prison. The Africans of Accra had only an hour or two's notice, and it was a working day, but they dropped everything and streamed in their thousands to James Fort, and soon, in front of the prison gates, there was a swirling mass of dancers, beating drums, ringing handbells, singing Nkrumah's own freedom song. I saw a battered taxi trying to inch its way through. The driver was using his horn incessantly—three short blasts and then another three short blasts—and inside the taxi were half-a-dozen roly-poly African women, market mammies who sell cloth, and they were keeping time with the horn and yelling, 'C.P.P. C.P.P.', for Convention People's Party. Their heads were bound with victory white and there was white powder smeared on their faces. They looked like some new breed of circus clowns—exultant clowns; and when Nkrumah, rather shy and bewildered, suddenly appeared, the crowd noticed that he was wearing his



Africans of the Gold Coast queuing to vote at a polling station at Accra

famous green shirt—the shirt he had worn when he had tried to fight the Government a year ago with his illegal strike—there was pandemonium.

At the elections too—this was just before Nkrumah was released—the voters showed their adoration in another way, by voting for him and his party. I went to a fishing village on the outskirts of Accra to watch the election there. The boats were drawn up on the beach and the idle nets were stretched in the sun. The fisher folk, most of whom could not read or write, but they were over twenty-one, some of them, and that was good enough to vote—they stood, these voters, in a neat queue, in the sandy lane that ran alongside the village headman's house, and they were deadly serious. Each in turn, men and women, went up to the African official who was presiding over the election and gave his or her name. Each name was checked against the registered list and then a majestic policeman in a red fez took the voter's thumb and pressed it against a pad soaked in violet ink. This was to ensure that nobody would come back twice. The presiding officer then explained that when the voter got inside the polling booth—a dingy room of rough brick and beaten mud—he would find two boxes, one with a picture of an elephant on it, and the other with a cock. The elephant stood for Nkrumah's man and the cock for his opponent, who had been nominated by the conservative village headman. The voter had to drop his ballot paper in the box of his choice, and it was impressed on him, with proper formality, that his vote was absolutely secret.

This village election was a model of correctness; partly because the Colonial Administration had worked so hard and partly because Kwame Nkrumah's party had told the people that the whole world was watching them, and they must not let themselves, or the Gold Coast, down. In this village the elephant won—Nkrumah's man—and as everyone crowded round the victor—a youngster, fiery with nationalism—I stole a glance at the village headman, whose nominee, the cock, had lost. The headman sat quite alone on his little balcony overlooking the lane, and his face was impassive. Then suddenly, it all became too much for him. He snatched a corner of his cloth and wiped away the tears. It was as though he knew that something more than the cock had been overthrown, and with it his own dignity in the fishing village: a whole system had suffered defeat—the system of traditional authority, which, until now, had been exercised through chiefs and sub-chiefs right down the line to the village headman; the new nationalism was too strong. It was the same story or very nearly so wherever the ordinary voter had the last word, and it was the ordinary voter, the man in the street, the man in the village, who was responsible for sending about half the African members to the new Assembly. The rest have been returned indirectly by tribal chiefs and others, but even in the so-to-speak privileged group of members, there are men who support Kwame Nkrumah, and in the Assembly as a whole his will be the most powerful voice.

Why has Kwame Nkrumah been able to capture the imagination of the Gold Coast? It is partly his own personality. It is not a strong personality, the personality of a Mussolini, but he has integrity—even

his opponents pay tribute to that—and he has his opponents, particularly a group of highly educated Africans of the professional class, who think he is a mere rabble rouser. At all events, he has integrity and he has, too, a quality of detachment, as though he is not quite with the crowd, and this gives him a sort of moral ascendancy. Another thing: he has hit on a slogan—the slogan 'Self Government Now'. It is irresistible to simple Africans who have been told again and again that they will be better off when the White Government goes; that they will have more water and less malaria, and that they will get a better price for their cocoa.

It is partly these things that have made him the strongest man in the Gold Coast, but there is something else too: the lethargy, the out-of-touchness of the Colonial Administration in the past. You will remember perhaps that there were serious riots in Accra three years ago: the surface causes were obvious—too few goods; rising prices; the discontent of jobless Africans who had served in the Army during the war. Men like Kwame Nkrumah found ready listeners. The Commission that enquired into the riots said all that in its report, but the report also blamed the Administration for mishandling the economic crisis, and for missing the point that many Africans were frustrated and suspicious because they saw no chance of exercising political power. The United Kingdom Government took note of that. There is a much more efficient Administration now, and, of course, there is the new Constitution. All the same, though, nationalism has swept over the Gold Coast, and Kwame Nkrumah is its champion.

The day after he came out of prison the correspondents here went round to see him. He was staying with an African friend in a rather attractive, simple house tucked away inside a courtyard. He had been up most of the night, he said, reading the London newspapers, and it was perhaps that he was short of sleep, but he did seem rather dazed and not very sure of himself. Again and again he turned to his party lieutenants, even when we asked quite simple questions, and we had some difficulty in getting a final clear-cut statement from him. He was gentle, and most friendly, but, as we thought, very dependent on his advisers. What his statement boiled down to after we had done a great deal of prodding and burrowing was this. He was no communist and had never been one in spite of what the Riots Enquiry Commission had said. He was a socialist; he wanted an independent Gold Coast now within the Commonwealth; he would give the Constitution a trial, though he was afraid it would not work, because, as he put it, it did not give the Africans real power. And finally, if his party found itself obstructed by European officials, then—and about this he was emphatic—then he would not rule out the possibility of what he called 'positive action'.

It could well be that Kwame Nkrumah will not himself be the final arbiter of what his party does; there are perhaps others in the party with more personal ambition and of tougher make-up, but he, Nkrumah, is the talisman, the popular hero to a people who have little or no political education, but who are conscious of their strength.

—Home Service

Yugoslavia Today: Two Reports

I—By H. N. BRAILSFORD

I HAVE just come back from a stay of two months in Yugoslavia. Today it is one of the key countries where our future is being decided. It has broken with Stalin's empire. Can it advance towards freedom and prosperity and still keep its independence? If it can, its example will help to liberate its neighbours, who are still dependent on Moscow.

My wife and I spent half our time in Macedonia, which was always, after Montenegro, the poorest and most backward of the six republics that form the South Slav Federation. Today it is the happiest and most loyal of them all. For the first time in history its people govern themselves, and the progress they have made since the revolution is plain for all to see. I can judge of that better than most, for I am one of the two or three Englishmen who have known Macedonia for nearly half-a-century. I saw it first in 1903, when it was the most miserable and the most anarchic of all the provinces of the Turkish Empire. I saw it again in 1913. It was not much happier then, for the Serbian monarchy treated it as a conquered dependency and even suppressed

its language. Today the Macedonians enjoy complete equality with the other peoples of Yugoslavia. Marshal Tito is deservedly famous for his gallant part in the last war. But I think history will honour him even more because he made an end of the racial and religious feuds that used to poison the life of his country.

What has happened came home to me vividly during a morning I spent listening to the proceedings in the law court at Skoplje, the capital of Macedonia. None of the cases was serious, and I asked the judge if he often had murders to deal with. His answer staggered me. In the five years since the victory of the revolution, there have been only two murders in Skoplje, which is a big town of 120,000 inhabitants. When first I knew this country every political dispute ended in murder. I have even seen Albanian peasants ploughing with a rifle slung over their shoulders. In the towns of the borderland between Macedonia and Albania, the houses of the more distinguished families were grim fortresses of stone, with no window looking on to the road, but in the upper storey there was always a narrow loophole for a rifle. In those days murders were too common for counting, and now in a town of 120,000 inhabitants there are only two in five years. How was it

managed? First, I should say by the land reform, which was one of the chief gains of the revolution. The old-world landlord, half brigand, half aristocrat, is gone, and so are his armed retainers. The peasants were often sharecroppers, who had to hand over to him half their harvest. Now they own the fields they till. They were fleeced by money-lenders also, and rates of interest up to sixty per cent. were not uncommon. Those usurious debts were cancelled. Secondly, education has begun to work. Under the monarchy the percentage of illiteracy in the Macedonian population was over eighty. In five years it has dropped to fifty. That is still a disturbing figure, but we saw the imposing new college at Bitolia, where teachers are being trained to serve villages that never had a school before. Lastly, there is equality of opportunity for all the races. The Macedonian majority claims no privileges for itself. The Turkish and Albanian minorities have the same right to use their languages and run their schools. We met the Cabinet that is governing Macedonia. Two things struck me about it. First, its youth: only two or three of the ministers are over thirty. Secondly, round the table with the Macedonian ministers, one of them a woman, sat an Albanian and a Turk.

I have stressed the winning of racial equality and peace, because Macedonia used to be a byword for hatred and strife. But it has made startling progress in other directions also. Women played a gallant part in the bitter struggle against the Nazis. The equality they now enjoy and the opportunities they have won rank among the biggest achievements of the revolution. Under the monarchy Macedonia had no university and there was only one doctor for every 12,000 persons. Now there is a vigorous young university at Skopje, with a strong medical faculty. Malaria, which was a terrible scourge in the old days, has been conquered completely. The energies and talents of this nation, suppressed for so many centuries, were suddenly released by the revolution and today they are astonishing their neighbours as much by their gift for music and the arts as by their success in engineering. On my first evening in Skopje I heard a delightful performance of Mozart's opera 'Il Seraglio' sung in Macedonian. In the old days the best that Skopje had to offer was a gipsy fiddler in the cafe opposite the Turkish barracks. A few days later I saw at Mavrovo one of the most daring hydro-electric schemes in Europe. A river that now flows into the Adriatic is being diverted through a long tunnel under the mountain into the Aegean system. It will supply all Macedonia with power and irrigate a parched but fertile plain.

That is what the Macedonians are doing. But what, you may be wondering, are they thinking? Like all the Yugoslav peoples, they suffered a violent shock when the break with the Cominform came. Then, while they watched the gross behaviour of the Kremlin towards themselves, they began to look critically at the institutions they had borrowed from Russia. The writers and artists were the first to free themselves. They are no longer required to toe the party line, when they write their novels and their symphonies. Next came a revolt against the whole system of bureaucratic centralisation their leaders had copied from Moscow. The rigidity of the police state is visibly relaxing, in spite of all the difficulties that face this isolated people—the cruel drought of last summer and the blockade by their Soviet neighbours. Yugoslavia never has known government by free discussion. She has not got it yet. But she is moving in that direction. What she has got in her new co-operative farms and engineering workshops is a bolder experiment in everyday democracy than you could find anywhere else in Europe. Through their elected councils the workers manage these farms and factories. Young men, with imaginative pioneering courage, are leading this spirited nation. They deserve all the support we can give them.—*Home Service*

II—By GUY HADLEY*

THERE IS NO CHANGE in the unanimous support given by the Yugoslav press to Marshal Tito's Government. It does seem, however, that the newspapers are tending to regard themselves less as mouthpieces for the state and more as watchdogs for the public. They now publish some pretty sharp criticisms of state organisations, or municipal bodies, which, in their view, are neglecting the public interest. For example, the Belgrade paper, *Politika*, recently blamed government departments for occupying too many residential premises, and so intensifying the acute housing shortage. Charges have also appeared in *Borba*, organ of the Yugoslav Communist Party, alleging that officials of state enterprises returned inflated expense accounts for missions abroad. Foreign news is being

reported much more fully and objectively, and events in Britain are well covered by Yugoslav correspondents in London. Some of the leading Yugoslav journalists recently visited the United Kingdom and returned with first-hand knowledge of conditions there.

A new wind is also blowing through the Yugoslav theatre and cinema. Until lately, Yugoslav actors and actresses, as well as producers and directors, were state employees; well paid, it is true, but receiving a fixed monthly salary like a Civil Servant. This was not calculated to stimulate the exceptional performer or to encourage the artistic temperament. There was also a great shortage of talent, especially in the medium-aged groups decimated by the war. A constant tussle went on between the theatre and the cinema for the services of well-known actors and actresses who, themselves, had no special choice and were constantly overworked. Now this is changing. Actors, directors and producers can make their own contracts with a theatre, or with one of the film boards, at competitive rates. Some will do better, some possibly worse, but, owing to the immense demand for plays and films, they will still be among the most highly paid people in Yugoslavia.

There is another trend in Yugoslavia today, which, if it passes from theory into effective practice, should deeply affect the ordinary Yugoslav. New penal laws, revising the Criminal Code and Court Procedure, are under discussion. The Vice-President of the Government's Legislative Council, Dr. Djordjevic, told foreign correspondents some days ago that the new laws would lay special emphasis on the protection of individual rights against any abuse by the state. He said that there would be new clauses to guard against prisoners being held without trial; to prevent arbitrary arrests or violation of property, and to leave people free to vote or not, as they please. The individual's right to lodge complaints against organs of the state would also be assured. Dr. Djordjevic stressed that the new penal laws would mark a radical departure from the legal conceptions of the Soviet Union, with their complete subjection of the individual to the state. The basic principle in Yugoslav law would be that nobody could be punished unless charged with an offence specified under the new Criminal Code. The new code is expected to come before the two Yugoslav Popular Assemblies early in March, and it is hoped to complete the laws on criminal procedure during the next two or three months. The proof of this legal pudding must obviously lie in the eating, but present Yugoslav statements express determination to infuse a more democratic spirit into the penal system. It is also a fact that in several recent trials the defence lawyers have been allowed greater freedom than before in presenting their cases.

All the examples which I have mentioned refer to concrete developments in various branches of Yugoslav life. But there is also a change in atmosphere, which is in some ways far more striking. Materially, conditions are as bad as ever, perhaps worse, owing to last year's drought and the shortage of food; clothing is scarce and terribly expensive, and little things, such as pencils and combs and razor blades, which one normally takes for granted, are not on sale. But although the outward colour of Belgrade is still a dull grey, the feel of the place has changed. Contacts between Yugoslavia and the western world have been restored, and it is rather as if the blinds had been raised in a dark and isolated room. It is far easier to meet ordinary Yugoslavs, and people no longer avoid being seen with Englishmen or Americans, as some of them still did a year ago. Friendship for the west, which always existed, is now right out in the open, and there is widespread interest in the British way of life.

Even the Belgrade streets seem somehow changed. There are far fewer of the communist slogans and portraits, which formerly crowded every wall and hoarding. Restaurants have appeared to replace the old communal feeding centres, and more shops are open, though their windows are sometimes bare. This change of atmosphere is not a thing which one can measure with statistics, but its effects on the individual Yugoslav may, in the long run, be deep and far-reaching.

There remains the question: what does it all mean? What do these changes amount to in terms of human rights and personal freedom as understood by the west? It would be rash to jump to any hasty conclusion. Yugoslav communists have stated their attitude fairly clearly. They regard themselves as the true interpreters of the ideals of Marx and Lenin, which, they claim, have been betrayed by the Soviet Union. Far from showing any desire to step into the western camp, or to adopt the ideas of western socialism, they describe their own evolution in Yugoslavia as the model which should be followed by progressive people all over the world. They are ready to admit that some elements of socialism exist in British Labour Party policy; they are studying with interest British methods, but they reject with contempt any return to what they call 'the bourgeois society'.—*From a talk in the Overseas Service*

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The Listener

What They Are Saying

'Shaping a monument of peace'

All communications should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1. The articles in THE LISTENER being mainly reprints of broadcast talks, original contributions are not invited, and the B.B.C. cannot accept responsibility for unsolicited manuscript matter, whether literary or musical, which is submitted for its consideration. Articles in THE LISTENER do not necessarily represent the views of the B.B.C., nor do the reproductions of talks necessarily correspond verbatim with the broadcast script. Yearly subscription rates (including postage): inland and overseas, £1. Shorter periods, pro rata. Postage for single copies of this issue: inland and overseas, 1½d. Subscriptions should be sent to the B.B.C. Publication Offices, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, or any newsagent.

A Prototype?

WHEN we discuss Samuel Pepys, we naturally think, first and mostly, of the diarist, secondly, of the human being whose faults and virtues were much like those of the average man, and, thirdly and lastly, of the successful naval administrator. But as Mr. Arthur Bryant has shown in his biography and in a broadcast appreciation which we publish today, Pepys was not only a supremely lively journalist, but a great public servant. At the time when he lived and worked the distinction between a politician holding a paid office under the Crown and a Civil Servant, irremovable whatever the political changes, did not exist, any more than it has existed in many countries in our own times. It is, of course, still possible even in this country for a man to fly across the boundary from the Civil Service into the political field, as did Sir John Anderson and Sir James Grigg. But they are rare birds. In the seventeenth century the boundary did not exist. Again, entry into the Civil Service of those days was by patronage. In the first Earl Sandwich Pepys had a master who was equally influential at the Court of Oliver Cromwell and at that of Charles II. Without him Pepys would have never started. It was indeed only a hundred years ago that patronage disappeared, a Civil Service Commission was appointed, and the entry into the higher posts made dependent upon competitive examination. Nowadays a young candidate's 'personality' may be tested by the 'country house' method and the Classics and History are no longer so highly valued as qualifications for dealing with the 'In' and 'Out' trays. But *plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose*. Pepys was a prototype in a historical tradition of which most of us feel proud.

The Administrative Class! What visions of the *crème de la crème* of English intellectuals that phrase used to conjure up thirty years ago—and no doubt does so still, though the emphasis may be different. One then thought of highly cultivated, well-groomed officials carefully engaged from ten to four, of Saturday afternoons at the club, of eight weeks' expendable holidays; of pleasant not-too-rushed conferences at continental watering places; of hobbies tastefully pursued in elegant social circles; of Edmund Gosse, Humbert Wolfe and Edward Marsh. Probably most of those Civil Servants (before the war there were only 1,200 of them) laboured a great deal harder than their critics pretended. And if they did not reach decisions very rapidly, it was because every decision might create a precedent, and precedents could never be ignored. Even now the biggest moment in the Civil Servant's day (except when he is creating precedents) occurs when he is not there. At Question Time on the floor of the House of Commons he is the ghost presiding over the feast. Naturally he or his representative will be sitting in the Official Galleries when the Minister is grappling with his inquisitors; but his is the Silent Service, watchful, dutiful, non-partisan.

Some people would argue that the Administrative Grade is not what it was—unique and select. The growth of vast corporations modelling themselves consciously or unconsciously on the Civil Service, with their attendant hierarchies of establishment officers, welfare officers and uniformed messengers, has made all the world—or a large part of it—into a Greater Whitehall: a world (in theory anyway) of selfless men and women taking little or no active part in politics, performing some perhaps ungrateful duties for the public good, never or hardly ever seeing the Minister or his equivalent to whom they are so unflinchingly loyal. One wonders if the spirit of Pepys broods over them; and if some of them, too, are keeping diaries that may one day blow the lid off the twentieth century.

LAST WEEK COMMENTATORS in the west continued to discuss the prospects for a four-power conference, while commentators in the east, taking their lead from Moscow broadcasts, concentrated, on the one hand, on the meeting of the so-called World Peace Council in Berlin, and, on the other hand, on using the occasion of Red Army Day to glorify Russian military might. At the same time Moscow radio stepped up its attacks on the United States by introducing, on the Russian Home Service, a new cycle of broadcast lectures on what was called the persistent hostility of American imperialism towards the Soviet Union. Then, on February 25, Moscow radio broadcast the text of a Note to Britain in which—*inter alia*—it accused Britain of violating the Anglo-Soviet Treaty and claimed that while Britain, France and the United States had an army of 5,000,000 between them, the Soviet Army was less than half that number. The Note added that the Soviet Union could not have full confidence in British statements that Britain would welcome genuine negotiations to improve relations between the two countries; nevertheless, the Soviet Union was ready to begin negotiations. An earlier Moscow broadcast, quoting *Pravda*, declared that the U.S.S.R. 'greatly desires peace—she has no need for war', but asserted that the Western Powers had rejected her friendly overtures because their acceptance would have deprived them of 'any pretext for continuing the mad armaments race'. The Russian home public were told, in a broadcast quoting a *Pravda* despatch from London, that the attention of the British public was riveted on the Stalin interview. It was 'opening the eyes of millions' and was 'finding a warm response in the hearts of true British patriots, mobilising them for the struggle for peace and the future of Britain'.

This 'struggle for peace' was well aired last week in broadcasts on the meeting of the World Peace Council in Berlin. Broadcasts from the Soviet zone of Berlin particularly emphasised the first task in Nenni's five-point outline of the work of the Council:

To reveal to the world public the disintegration and bankruptcy of the United Nations, which at present is nothing but an instrument of power politics—the policy of provocation and aggression of the United States—and which must be brought back to its original task.

Many east zone broadcasts also emphasised a point made by Ilya Ehrenberg, that 'the World Peace Council is the only body actually representing the peoples'. *Berliner Zeitung* was quoted as saying that the German people expected two concrete results, in particular, from the Council: (1) 'that the Council should reveal practical methods for the national struggle against the destruction of Germany which was beginning with remilitarisation; (2) that it should throw the weight of its mighty organisation and its 800,000,000 supporters into the scales to extend this struggle to the international plane'.

Side by side with all this talk of 'peace', and with the Russian Note alleging that the Soviet army was less than half the size of that of the three main Western Powers, a militant note was struck in broadcasts celebrating Red Army Day on February 23. In a broadcast from Moscow, the former Soviet High Commissioner for Austria, General Kurassov, described the Soviet Army as the strongest armed force in the world today; and an Order of the Day from the Soviet Minister of War called on all Russian soldiers to ensure their preparedness for combat. The keynote of the many broadcasts was that the Soviet armed forces would play a decisive role in preserving world peace.

From one quarter, at any rate, no doubts were apparently raised as to whether Stalin wanted peace. A Czech broadcast quoted a Hungarian sculptor, now working on a statue of Stalin, as saying:

Today I can see more clearly than ever that if I want to create a statue worthy of Stalin I must shape a monument of peace.

But an even more sensational 'peace' project was reported last week by Berlin radio, quoting a talk by Dr. Schindler at Berlin's House of Soviet Culture on the achievements of Soviet atomic science. He described a new technique which he termed 'directed explosion'—a method employed 'not only for blowing up, but also, improbable as it may sound, for building'. The technique consisted of blowing up earth and rocks with one atomic charge and, at the very moment these masses were in the air, of detonating a second charge which projected them, in accordance with previous calculations, to a required location. In this way it was possible to transport the rough structure of, say, a dam in only a few seconds.

Did You Hear That?

NO BAD LANGUAGE AT BILLINGSGATE?

'HAVE YOU EVER SEEN a fish-meter?' asked COLIN WILLS in a Home Service talk. 'If you had been with me at Billingsgate the other day you would have seen a dozen of them at work! And if you think they are instruments for measuring fish, you are not far wrong—only these instruments are men. They are officials appointed by the Fish Merchants' Company—which is not a commercial firm but one of the ancient trade societies of London—and their job is to inspect all fish that come to the market, principally to see that it is fit for food. They also have to make sure none of it is undersize: to measure it, if necessary, and that is where they got their ancient title of fish-meters, or measurers.'

'This profession is one of the trades of Billingsgate that few outsiders know about. Another is that of the special corps of police who keep the traffic of porters and barrows flowing freely. They also keep order, and deal with any obstreperous characters who go too far in argument. But heated argument is rare among the hard-working, good-natured people of the market, and so is bad language, despite the classical title earned by the ancestors of the present-day porters. I only heard one string of lurid imprecations, and they were muttered more or less *sotto voce* by a gentleman whose ankle had just been bashed by the steel wheel of a barrow. I thought a little mild protest was pardonable in the circumstances.'

'Another and even odder trade of the neighbourhood is that of the cobblers, who keep the porters' leather hats in repair. These picturesque headpieces, like broad inverted soup-plates, all of leather, have a thickly padded crown and a flat top to support the fish-boxes, a stack of which may easily weigh a hundredweight. These hats are prized heirlooms, and many porters can tell how their great-grand-fathers, grandfathers and fathers worked at their trade before them.'

'If fish-meters really were machines to measure the flow of fish through the market, they would be clicking away merrily of a morning. Six hundred tons of fish, on an average, pass through Billingsgate daily, five days a week, to feed about 12,000,000 people. The average Briton, before the last war, ate rather less than a pound of fish a week, but nowadays, with meat so short, the figure is going up, though high prices limit the increase.'

'I watched the last of the fish being loaded on to the lorries, and talked to a market policeman, who told me that everything must be clear of the place by nine o'clock. Then the market was hosed out—in fact, this was beginning already. I was a little puzzled by the idea that in that crowded hall they could handle 600 tons of fish in a few hours each morning. When I mentioned this to the policeman, he gave me a fishy look. "They couldn't get near it", he said. "All that fish you've seen in there was—do you know what it was?"'

"Well..." I said.

"Well", he said. "It was samples. That's all. The merchant keeps the stuff in his store, or on lorries, and just has enough boxes brought up for the customers to see what it's like".

'The crowd had thinned away. The leather hats were disappearing up the narrow streets. The merchants' helpers were coming away from the stalls, drying their red hands, which for hours had been unloading fish out of boxes of ice'.

STREAMLINING THE BRITISH MUSEUM

A copy of every book and newspaper published in Great Britain must be deposited for record purposes at the library of the British Museum. One of the main problems has always been storage. This became even

more acute during the war, and it has now been decided that the only solution is the use of microfilm. By this means a copy of an evening newspaper for a whole year can be packed into two small boxes, only three-and-three-quarter inches square—about one-twenty-fifth of the space. AUDREY RUSSELL went to see this equipment, the gift of the Rockefeller Foundation of New York, at the new microfilm annexe of the British Museum Newspaper Library at Colindale, and spoke about it in 'Radio Newsreel'.

'I watched two girls at work', she said. 'The cameras, with lights alongside, are slung above a flat table where the newspaper is spread. A small switchboard controls the lights, and the actual taking of the photograph is done by a foot pedal on the floor. Another switch operates what is called an automatic travelling book-holder. This shunts the position of the table, so that opposite pages of a bound volume alternately come into position under the camera. The whole process is rapid and streamlined. But I noticed a homely touch in an electric iron beside the operator to iron out the slightest crinkle in the yellowed pages.'

'The work in hand when I was there was an extinct newspaper, *The British Press*, dated March 14, 1806. Non-inflammable 35 millimetre film is used. This goes

through a big processing machine that develops negatives, fixes, washes and dries 1,000 feet of film—representing 6,000 large pages—in forty-five minutes. This machine is a modification of the type used in Hollywood film studios; so, too, is the automatic printer. It prints 1,000 feet of positive film in thirteen minutes.'

'The aspect that will most concern a student or research worker, is how this future newspaper film library will be used. Already at Colindale there are a number of American type microfilm reading machines. These are box-like affairs set on small desks. The image of the film is projected on a mirror at the back of a metal box, then on to a greenish translucent screen, about twenty inches square. It is possible to enlarge or diminish the size of the type by pulling the screen in and out'.

THE MONKS OF ST. BERNARD IN SWITZERLAND

The monks of the famous St. Bernard monastery, which is situated on a wind-swept mountain top, were recently completely cut off from the outside world. DAVID DE KRASSEL reported on this in 'Radio Newsreel'. 'When I telephoned the Prior the other day', he said, 'he told me that three avalanches had come down quite close to the hospice, and that five or six others had thundered down the slopes a little below the monastery,



Porter at Billingsgate Market

which was now completely cut off for the second time this winter. The Prior could not tell me when the slopes would be clear of danger, but added that in January, during that very bad first spell of avalanches in Switzerland, they were completely cut off for four days.

'Isolation, however, does not worry this most self-sufficient little community. In fact, they are well able to hold out for several months if necessary, for they keep at the hospice some cows and pigs which provide them with butter, cheese, meat and ham, and their cellars are full of grain, vegetables and wine from their own vineyards in the valley below. This year only seven monks and three sisters, who do all the cooking and mending in the monastery, are wintering at the hospice. Five lay brothers are also there to look after the cattle and the famous St. Bernard dogs. The other thirty monks of the St. Bernard monastery, who are all members of the St. Augustine Order, are in their winter quarters at Martigny. At present there are twelve of the famous St. Bernard dogs up at the hospice, but only two, Barry and Jupiter, are trained for mountain rescue work.

'Now that a telephone connects the monastery with the outside world, it is extremely rare that the monks are called upon to pull wayfarers out of snowdrifts. Visitors usually inform the hospice before they venture up the mountain and are met en route by one or two of the monks, who are all expert skiers. So the dogs have no more occasion to roam the mountains at will as they used to in the old days, with their well-known little kegs of wine on their necks. But they still form a very useful addition to the income of the monastery, for pups from up there—and there are four of them at the hospice at present—fetch anything up to £50 each, while a fully-grown dog is worth about £200.

'One of the monks at the hospice, Father Jules Detry, has recently returned from mission work in Tibet, where he was imprisoned and sentenced to death for it. He was rescued, however, by his native followers, and made a dramatic escape to India. Father Detry is typical of the St. Bernard monks and was once an amateur boxer and champion cyclist of Brussels. He is now waiting impatiently at the monastery for a break in the weather which will allow him to make the first run down the avalanche-swept mountain to the tiny village of Bourg St. Pierre, the farthest outpost of civilisation in that part of the world'.

A DICKENSIAN CHOP-HOUSE

The 'George and Vulture', a London chop-house associated with Dickens, which was threatened with closure, has been reprieved. LENNARD HEARN spoke about it in 'The Eye-witness'. 'This inn', he said, 'is so much a part of Dickens, and of Mr. Pickwick in particular, that the City Pickwick Club has used it as its meeting-place since it was formed forty-two years ago. The "George and Vulture" certainly does its best to live up to its grand old traditions. It is perhaps the city's most historic inn; its licence goes back to the thirteenth century. We know that an inn, though not the present building, stood on the site in 1283. From the outset it has been a haunt of writers. Chaucer's father, who was a licensed victualler in the neighbourhood, certainly used the house, and it is more than likely that it was the haunt of Chaucer himself. Other poets who have frequented the house were Lydgate and John Skelton. Skelton, referring to it in one of his poems, said:

Let none the outward vulture fear;
No vulture host inhabits here.

'In Shakespeare's day the inn had a large yard, and it is probable that the young Shakespeare was among the strolling players who performed in what is today called George Yard. Addison and Steele, to judge from their writings, were often at the tavern; so were Pepys and Daniel Defoe. And Swift had a lot to say here to his friends about the scandal of the South Sea Bubble. The inn has made history in other ways. It was the first house in England to sell coffee to the public in 1652, and we have it on the authority of writers in Queen Anne's time that the first of the Beefsteak Clubs was founded here by Richard

Estcourt, a leading Drury Lane comedian of the time. Then John Wilkes, the great Parliamentary agitator, made this the headquarters of his Hell-Fire Club. But the "George and Vulture" is most famous of all because of its Dickensian associations. Dickens mentions it time and time again in the *Pickwick Papers*. After Mrs. Bardell had started her breach-of-promise action, Mr. Pickwick could not return to her house as a lodger and put up at the "George and Vulture". It was here that he was arrested for refusing to pay the damages awarded against him in the action'.

PRESERVING THE KITE

'During the present half-century the kite has been one of the rarest of all the British breeding birds', said JAMES FISHER in a Home Service talk. 'As a friend of mine said the other day, it seems to have suffered from chronic rarity. Indeed, the situation, as far as the available information goes, is a simple one. In no year between 1900 and 1950 has anybody ever known of more than thirteen kites' nests in the British Isles, and sometimes the number has been only two or three, though as far as I can see never less than two. It seems rather surprising that this beautiful bird survives with a population as low as this, but survive it does.



Kite, 'one of the rarest of all the British breeding birds':
a drawing by Roland Green

'The situation has, I believe, changed slightly for the better. There are at last signs that the kites are beginning very slowly and rather slightly to increase, but they cannot really increase unless the public is informed about them and unless public opinion is behind their protection. It is obvious that I cannot disclose where the kites' nests are. There were a good lot, comparatively speaking, last year, 1950: six for certain and probably three others, and at least four of them brought off two young ones each; all the nests were in Central Wales. The headquarters of the kite has been in Central Wales these last fifty years. Indeed, the only records of any kites' nests outside it, in the whole half-century, are two or three in the West Country—Devon and Cornwall. At the beginning of the nineteenth century the kite was really a common bird of prey in England, Wales and Scotland (not Ireland) wherever there was woodland cover, preferably, but not necessarily, in hilly districts. The bird is mainly a scavenger and an eater of rodents and even fish. It got quickly persecuted with the rise of the shotgun as a hunting weapon in the early nineteenth century and the rarer it became the more it was sought after by collectors of skins and eggs.

'In their wooded, hilly valley in Wales and in some surrounding valleys the kites are, at present, flourishing quite well. Public opinion throughout Wales is behind all measures to protect them, and every farmer in Wales knows all about them. By the way, they will not tell you where the kites' nests are however hard you ask them. The West Wales Field Society, with many other natural history bodies, including the Royal Society for the Protection of Birds, has set up a Kite Committee to carry on the protection work so nobly begun many years ago and organised, amongst others, by Miss Dorothy Raikes. The present Honorary Kite Warden is Captain H. R. H. Vaughan, and his task is to investigate every report of the kite or of its nest, to collect information from all over the country and to see that rewards are paid to the tenants of land on which kites nest. These rewards are provided by the Royal Society for the Protection of Birds. So in Wales everything is well organised: but, of course, everybody who likes birds wants kites to spread from Wales and to regain their old lost haunts in the rest of Britain. The trouble is that every year three or more kites are successfully reared in Wales, but these, venturing out in the rest of Britain in search of their fortunes, probably get quickly shot by gamekeepers who do not know about them. It is the belief of all the members of the new Kite Committee that if the public were really on the look-out for kites in the border country and even further afield into England, they would not get shot as often as they appear to do at the moment, and might stand a real chance of establishing new nests in new counties. The support of the public seems to be the only real hope for the kite'.

Coal: a European Problem

By DEREK EZRA

WHEN we have troubles of our own we often forget that other people have troubles too. That is only natural. We are short of coal in Britain today—but I don't suppose many of us reflect that we are far from being alone. The fact is that coal is scarce everywhere in Europe.

This does not mean that the coal mines in Europe are producing less and less coal. Ever since the end of the war they have, in fact, been producing more and more. Europe's coal comes from three main sources: Great Britain, western Germany and Poland; and smaller contributions are made by France, Belgium, Holland, the Saar and Czechoslovakia. The production of all these countries rose from 400,000,000 tons in 1946 to 530,000,000 tons in 1950; not far short, in total, of what they produced before the war. But the trouble is that this rate of increase is now slowing down. This year some producing countries will probably find it difficult to do better than last year, and this is largely because of the shortage of labour for the mines, which is a problem not only here in Britain, but in all the coal-producing countries of Europe as well.

Rising Demand

You may say, if the output of coal in Europe is increasing or at any rate not falling, why is there any difficulty? The answer is that the amount of coal that Europe needs is going up from year to year, and lately it has been going up faster than production from the mines. Before the outbreak of the fighting in Korea last year, it looked as if there might be enough coal to go round. Indeed, at one time many people thought we had returned to the familiar pre-war situation of a coal surplus. But now all that has been changed. The unsettled state of the world has created a ready market for goods of all kinds. People nowadays, whether in business or in private life, want to be ready for emergencies. More coal is needed to produce the extra goods they want. Before long defence preparations will put a further burden on European industry, and still more coal will be needed. Of course, sooner or later lack of industrial capacity or of other raw materials may limit what Europe can do; but for the moment it is the coal which is lacking.

What does the shortage of coal in Europe amount to? Can we put a figure to it? We know more about some countries than about others. As might be expected, we have little information about eastern Europe—although we know that they, too, have their difficulties. In the west (including Britain) the factories and the homes need about 10,000,000 tons more coal during the first quarter of this year than the mines of Europe can produce. Western Europe needs over 100,000,000 tons a quarter in all, so the shortage amounts to about ten per cent. This is more serious than it looks because the shortage is not evenly spread. Some countries, and some industries which have to rely on particular kinds of coal, are far worse off than others.

Let me give you a few examples. In Austria they have hardly any stocks of coal left at all. They have to depend on what they can import from day to day—which is often not enough for their most urgent needs. Their railways have been cut by a third, and coal for all other purposes is being strictly controlled. In the Scandinavian countries the shortage is not so general; they are mainly short of coke. But this is a serious matter for them: they have to rely on coke to keep their homes warm, and in the north the winters are hard. In Sweden they have again had to ration coke; and wood is being burnt in the homes to help out. This means that less timber and pulp will be exported to other countries, including Britain. In Denmark they say there would be no point in rationing coke as stocks are now so low that they could not meet even the most modest ration. The merchants have been left to cope as best they can. Fuel difficulties are not confined to the countries of the north: in Italy, for example, many people are going short of coal, and the Government is constantly intervening to re-direct supplies to those who need them most. They have prepared plans for full-scale rationing, and will introduce them if things get worse.

So far I have shown what is going on in typical importing countries,

that is, countries who have to get most of their coal (or coke) from outside. One might expect that countries who produce coal would be better off. But this is not so. We know only too well what is happening in Britain, though we are the biggest producer of coal in Europe. So let us consider the other producers. There is western Germany, for example, whose coal industry is about half the size of ours. Germany is in rather a special position, because the amount of coal which she has to export is fixed by an international authority. The Germans have complained that they are being made to export too much (even though the rate has recently been reduced) and that this is causing them a lot of hardship. Nobody can deny that Germany is in difficulties, that there is very little fuel for the housewife and that supplies to industry have been drastically cut. But if less was exported, the plight of the importing countries in Europe, many of whom depend vitally on coal from Germany, would be very much worse.

France has a coal industry producing about 50,000,000 tons a year. This is not enough for all her needs, so she has to call on Germany, Britain and others to help her out. Her main anxiety today is to get enough coke for the steel industry. Now I have shown that the Scandinavian countries also are short of coke, though they need it, not for steel, but for the home. Most of the coke consumed on the Continent comes from Germany, and France and Scandinavia are rival claimants for it. Both are having to go short; for France this has meant a reduction of about twelve per cent. in the output of her steel industry. She is short of coal for some other purposes, but would be much worse off if she was not helped out by hydro-electric plants, which enable her to produce energy without burning coal.

Finally, we might consider Belgium and Holland, who between them produce about 40,000,000 tons a year. Although these two countries are small and are neighbours, and are tied together in many ways, conditions in them are very different. In Belgium the Government does not control coal supplies. This is partly because most of the coal Belgium needs is produced in Belgian mines. But the main reason is the high cost of coal. It is at least twice as high as in Britain. So you may be quite sure nobody in Belgium buys more coal than he absolutely must. Rationing is by the purse; no other controls are necessary.

In Holland prices are much lower, but the Dutch mines do not produce nearly enough coal to meet the country's needs. So Holland has to import a lot. Unfortunately she cannot get all she wants from her traditional suppliers, such as Germany and Britain. There have been wholesale cuts for all users of coal, and the Dutch say that, as a result, their industrial production has gone down by a fifth.

Co-operation in Geneva

Having made a rapid tour of Europe, what are our conclusions? I think we can conclude that most countries are in difficulties of one sort or another. But we must be careful not to exaggerate. We cannot say that the coal shortage has anywhere led to a complete standstill in the economic life of any country—although this may well come about if something is not done. In fact, something is being done to grapple with Europe's coal problem. I should just like to tell you about an international body which was set up in London immediately after the war. It now meets in Geneva as the Coal Committee of the Economic Commission for Europe, which is a part of the United Nations; and it consists of representatives of coal importing and exporting countries. Its task is to watch over European coal. Every three months it works out how much coal Europe needs in the next three months and how much is likely to be produced. Today there is not enough to go round, so the Committee tries to make sure that everybody get a fair share. It cannot compel anybody, but it is remarkable what results are achieved. Several times countries, themselves short, have offered to give up part of their share to less fortunate neighbours. I have attended many meetings of this Committee, and every time I have come away impressed with the spirit of co-operation that was shown.

Sharing out Europe's coal as fairly as possible is only the first step in dealing with the shortage. The second step is to get hold of more coal. The quickest way of doing this is to bring it in from outside

Europe. Fortunately there is coal to spare in America, and this will not be the first time since the war that Europe has turned to America for help in this way. During the last few weeks we, and our neighbours on the Continent, have ordered about 5,000,000 tons of coal from the United States. This will cover just about half the present shortage in Europe. All Europe's needs cannot be met in this way, because many countries cannot spare the dollars and there is not enough shipping.

The import of American coal will undoubtedly help to stave off a really serious situation. But, as we have seen, it is not an entirely satisfactory way of doing things. The most obvious and effective way of coping is to increase output in Europe. A good deal could certainly be achieved by technical improvements, such as using more or better machinery. Indeed much has already been done in this way. Productivity as measured by output per manshift has been rising steadily in all European coal industries. In some, such as Britain and France, it is already higher than it was before the war; in others it is coming very near to the pre-war level. But the continuing increase in productivity, welcome though it is, has been offset in many countries by a decline in the number of miners. I have already mentioned the difficulty of getting labour into the mines. This is the key to the whole problem. Unless more miners can be recruited, Europe's coal crisis will be prolonged. To get more coal now, more work must be done at the coal face. In Continental countries they are doing much the same sort of thing as we are doing here. In order to attract and retain labour, and encourage

the men to give of their best, miners' wages have been raised (for example, substantial increases have been granted in France and Germany), housing for miners has been made a priority, bonuses have been awarded for good attendance, and foreign workers have been recruited (for example, many Italian miners are being absorbed in Belgium). We have still to see the results of all these efforts.

Now, before I finish, just a word about the general rise in the price of coal. Producing countries have been faced with higher costs, mainly through wage increases, which they have had to pass on. In Britain also, the home price of coal has been increased, but even after this increase, it is cheaper to buy coal here than anywhere else in western Europe. In the export market prices have also gone up, though so far there has not been a change in British export prices. In fact, the Coal Board is still completing contracts made with foreign buyers last year. Later we shall no doubt have to reconsider our export prices, especially as costs of production have in the meantime increased.

Can we say anything about the future? I think we can assume that there will not be any slackening in the demand for coal—at least not for some months yet. Indeed, far from slackening, the pressure is increasing, and soon the armament industries will be joining the queue. To cope with all this, I think we shall see American coal continuing to arrive in Europe, in spite of the expense and the difficulty over dollars and shipping. But remember this can only be a stop-gap. The coal Europe needs is in the ground.—*Home Service*

Soviet Affairs

'Krokodil' and Russian Comic Art

By DAVID LOW

THE simple Russian likes his little bit of fun and his peasant art has a tradition of drollery, so it is not surprising that the Russian Bolsheviks have found satirical pictures useful in the 'socialisation of the emotions'. When in the full flush of revolutionary ardour the Russian towns were plastered from end to end with inscriptions and pictures, most of the latter were satirical cartoons.

At an early stage of the revolution prominent Bolshevik scholars carried out a scientific analysis into the nature of the 'revolutionary laugh', coming to weighty conclusions about the importance of caricature as a weapon destructive of what was valueless. From the first, official encouragement and the inspiration of great events ensured a rapid development of Soviet political caricature. It was not until the period of the New Economic Policy and the Kulaks, however, that Soviet political caricature grew up. Among a batch of new journals publishing satirical material *Krokodil* was born, an official magazine of humour published from the offices of *Pravda*, complete with its 'teeth' of cartoonists. Daumier was accepted at the time as the model for revolutionary cartoonists.

When *Krokodil* first appeared, the development of the 'new art essential to the complete victory of the new historical principle' was still the subject of furious disputation concerning sculpture, painting and architecture; but after a few futile attempts to develop new artistic forms for caricature, cartoonists continued with the traditional styles of the bourgeois past, studying the methods of the best of their kind in the outside world and

floating comfortably enough with the tide back to 'classic realism'.

The philosophical aim of Bolshevism at replacing anarchical 'accidentals' and 'incalculables' in art, as in politics, by a 'rational organisation of the material' encouraged team-work and division of labour in cartooning. The ancient tenet that in works of art manner and matter are one was scorned. Sometimes teams of artists worked

at one picture. Notwithstanding the brilliant success of the famous Kukriniki, three artists working together in a combined style that is said to be better than the individual work of each, these collective creations were not, on the whole, particularly happy. Conditions of work accordingly became more accommodating.

Conditions governing the choice and treatment of working material, on the other hand, grew progressively more rigid. 'Art must serve propaganda', said Lenin, which meant in practice, in the case of the art of caricature, the strictest control of idea-content to accord with official policies and principles. There could be no caricature for caricature's sake, no humour for humour's sake, no art for art's sake.

Krokodil has come a long way since then, and in the interval has had time to shed some illusions. Yet its own native form, now firmly established, is highly creditable, and it is a first-rate popular comic paper with a nationwide circulation and much influence. Two volumes recently published, *Soviet Humour* and *Out of the Crocodile's Mouth*, give an opportunity not only to estimate the quality of *Krokodil's* artist contributors but also for reflection upon the present-day condition of Russian comic art and pictorial satire.



'If we can drive them out, we've a good chance of reaching the North Ukraine at last!': a cartoon by A. Kozuyrenko, directed against the district agricultural board; reproduced in *Soviet Humour* from *Krokodil*

Soviet Humour deals entirely with the Russian domestic scene, in anecdotes, fables and numerous comic drawings. With few exceptions, in conception and expression these drawings follow familiar conventions and could be published in American or British periodicals without appearing 'foreign'. The draughtsmanship, which is varied, bright and frequently admirable, shows no sign of a particular Russian 'school'. A strong element of the native Russian drollery is still happily perceptible, side by side with an occasional hint of *New Yorker* sophistication, a touch of the old *Le Rire* and a smack of *Punch*. The temper of the satirical comments upon life in Soviet Russia in this book is surprisingly mild, frequently even innocuous. Of their idea-content, it would appear that the mechanics of joke-making have a universality and a permanence denied to political systems. The fisherman who exaggerates his catch; the book-borrower who does not return books; the motor-car that will not go; the loafer, the gasbag, the wangler, the pilferer, the waster, the glutton, the cranky artist, the mis-manager, the rumour-monger—these are ancient and familiar conventions to joke-smiths the world over.

A cartoon directed against a district agricultural board is included in *Soviet Humour* as an example of the critical satire with which Soviet cartoonists are able (the introduction tells us) to rout obstructive bureaucracy. But even this seems excessively polite when compared with the scalping of big business executives regularly practised by American satirists, and the acid criticism indulged in frequently by the cartoonists of western capitalist newspapers against their Governments and institutions. These remarks would do an injustice to the vitality of Soviet cartoonists were it not immediately added that the injustice is done already by this milk-and-watery collection, evidently selected for the British public with the mistaken intention of showing that Russian satire is 'well-behaved' and the Russians 'just like



Two *Krokodil* cartoons from 'Out of the Crocodile's Mouth': 'The Torch of Liberty—and its Shadow'—



—and 'The Miracles of Training—or the Tame British Lion'

ourselves'. *Krokodil* is better and livelier than its anthologists admit.

Nevertheless, to the Soviet authorities *Krokodil* gives profound dissatisfaction. For a long time Soviet satirists and humorists, whether from a yearning for appreciation or a consciousness of imperfection, have complained that the literary critics and scholars treated their works with indifference and disdain. They asked that Soviet satire and humour be taken seriously and analysed and theorised about, as were music, painting, sculpture and literature. They asked for it and they got it.

The Central Committee of the Communist Party, irritated at the failure of *Krokodil* to become a 'fighting organ of Soviet satire and humour', issued in 1948 a resolution which put the point bluntly:

The main task of the journal is to fight against survivals of capitalism in the consciousness of the people. With the weapon of satire, it must respond promptly to controversial international events, must criticise the bourgeois culture of the west, showing up the insignificance and degeneracy of its ideas.

Are Soviet cartoonists, in their capacities as philosophers, cowards as Zhdanov says, when it comes to satirising the contradictions of socialist society? Indeed, a cartoonist might hesitate with some justification before departing from his generalities, impersonalities and prodding of the small fish (who cannot hit back) and letting himself loose on the bigger fish (who can). One might make mistakes. A cartoonist must live, and no Soviet cartoonist lives enjoyably who makes mistakes. No wonder the Soviet wits prefer to hug the well-trodden paths of established tradition and are inclined to dwell *ad nauseam* on minor butts like the lazy apartment-house superintendent, uppish saleswomen and taxi-drivers, and discreetly generalised local unworthies, rather than venture after the bigger game roaming unexplored regions. Official admonitions to exercise their skill on 'controversial' international events seem hypocritical when even the mildest satirical criticism of Soviet national policy is not permissible and the personalities of Soviet leaders are among the 'phenomena of Soviet life which are dear and sacred to the Soviet people'.

What one loses on the swings can be made up on the roundabouts. When a Soviet cartoonist is sharply criticised for using tiresome clichés of the old humour-kitchen, he may bewail his lack of targets and recall the days when he could let himself go on Hitler and the Nazis—until

he remembers (via a timely 'line' from On High) that he still has the 'imperialist beasts' and 'warmongers' of the western capitalist world. Here is matter upon which there is no risk of being funny in the wrong place. The 'line' is clear, precise, unequivocal, making no demands on discrimination or discretion. How *Krokodil* cartoonists responded to the inspiration and the lure of striking material may be judged from the fact that their interest in home affairs promptly shrank and today nearly half the cartoons per issue deal, in whole or in part, with the wickedness of the United States of America.

The American 'Jungle'

Out of the Crocodile's Mouth contains a representative cross-section of these anti-American cartoons which appeared in *Krokodil* during 1946-1949. The Soviet cartoonists here cannot be said to have pulled their punches. Far from it. Indeed it must seem a wonder to a credulous Russian that the United States has not yet foundered in its own corruption. As presented here, it is a curious jungle of censorship, lying newspapers and radio, faked elections, bribed 'justice', purges, lynchings, unemployment, starvation, race persecution, ignorance, pornographic literature, degenerate musicians and painters, gangsters, kidnappers and venal 'sport'. By this account, dollar-mad imperialists are in complete control (aided, of course, by brutal police) and are busily scheming to ship horse-meat and chewing-gum to weak-kneed European countries (Marshall Aid), thus gaining power to make them attack (Atlantic Pact) the innocent sons of toil in Soviet Russia, whose only thought as they dance happily in the streets is of peace. According to *Krokodil*, President Truman is not, as many British and Americans had supposed from their own observation, a worried Liberal who with a deal of luck has succeeded so far in reconciling a certain amount of order with anarchy, but is actually a greedy money-baron—a fat scoundrel out for the dollars and longing to start atom wars.

Critics will ask whether these drawings are offered as politics or art—or both. The standards of the politician and the artist must always conflict. Lenin, who viewed cartoons simply as a means of agitation, probably had no comprehension whatever of artistic creation or development. Most likely he did not think of caricature as an art at all, but just as an excellent vehicle for ideas, spontaneously ready-made without any process of growth. His criteria of merit for cartoons doubtless would have been: political 'soundness', intelligibility, and effectiveness of execution, in that order. Any cartoonist who was also a self-respecting artist would disagree. Were 'soundness' a prime measure of merit, short work would be made of any attempt at critical judgment of this collection, for there is a legitimate difference of opinion about political 'soundness'. To Soviet communists, the drawings would be brilliant attacks upon American badness; to Americans and their friends, tedious distortions of the truth. It might be hard, too, to persuade them to consider calmly the artistry of the performance. How do these Soviet cartoonists do their jobs? Do they agitate well? Do they evoke, do they stir? If, judging deceit excusable in a 'sound' cause, they deceive, is their deceit adroit? Yes. They do. It is. The sparkling wit survives even the handicap of translated captions. Their points are easily understood. With a few exceptions the *Krokodil* cartoonists keep to simple compositions to convey simple meanings. If sometimes, to an artist, the simplicity of conception is indistinguishable from lack of adventurousness, this is the price of utilitarian efficiency.

No Innovations

When the end is held so far to transcend the means, innovations of form and treatment become a distracting nuisance, to be discouraged in favour of the cliché, the established symbol, the meaning of which is already well recognised. When to seek for the novel and the original in ideography is to 'get above the heads of the broad masses', artists tend inevitably to decline into craftsmanship and the operation of fixed conventions. It may be too soon to expect a Soviet Daumier to invent a Ratapol or a Macaire, a communist Philipon to develop a Poire Royal, a red Nast to invent symbols like the American Republican Elephant and Democratic Donkey, a comrade Oppér to create a Mister Common Man. But where are the shorthand figures for 'the Bourgeoisie', 'The Trotskyist', 'The Titoist'? So far the Soviet cartoonists have not extended the common picture-language.

So one does not look in the Soviet cartoons for new imagery, new symbols or new conventions. One expects—and all too often one gets—the repetition of old-fashioned figures like Uncle Sam, John Bull and the like, which (together with the old-fashioned bearded Russian

nihilist carrying the smoking bomb) have long been discarded by the best cartoonists of the western world as obsolete and meaningless at the present day. Sometimes even the British Lion, favourite of the old Sacred Animals popularised by Tenniel in great-grandfather's day, makes a moth-eaten return. That somewhat hackneyed ready-made symbol the Statue of Liberty crops up. The sturdy pin-up-boy representing the honest worker parades virtually unchanged (except for local detail) since Daumier invented him a century ago. When it comes to types and the Soviet cartoonists stick to the caricature of realities, the results are more refreshing. Some of the American big business tycoons are delightful. But too often in Soviet cartoons capitalists still have the fat, white waistcoats and wear the out-of-date top-hats of sixty years ago, although obviously the reality has changed. His dollars, likewise, are symbolised still in coin, and in bags, not bundles.

The draughtsmanship is vivid, lively and entertaining. Efimov, now the dean of Soviet cartoonists, can draw anything, of course, in his smart efficient style. The perception of character and sensitive effects of Brodaty are those of the real artist, and Eliserev and Janf make a balanced blend of solid drawing and natural humour which is first-rate. One regrets that there is not more display of the special talent of the Kubriniki trio for the caricature of personality since they draw Churchill so well. Of the others it is evident that there are able artists and cartoonists who do not feel hampered by the official leading-strings, either because of their conviction or their lack of conviction, or because they find more interest in drawing than in what is drawn. But despite their brilliance, so far the Soviet cartoonists have broken no new ground technically. There is no discernible departure from the tradition of Brueghel-Callot-Hogarth-Gillray-Daumier. As drawings, their 'message' apart, these could have come from any western country. Efimov, for instance, is almost entirely Anglo-American in both his approach and his technique. So far as short-term influences have affected Russian styles, that of the Munich group, Thony, Culbransson, Heine and Blix, seems to have supervened over that of Daumier. While duly noting the wide expansion made by the Russians in the use of cartoons (the very effective Tass window-displays during the late war, for instance) one looks in vain for a trace of proletarian revolution in the method. Caricature and cartooning seem to have remained obstinately bourgeois.

Untried Fields

That new styles and forms have not emerged is no matter for regret, for those existing are by no means exhausted in application. But it would have been pleasant if the new society with its unprecedented opportunity could have unlocked new domains of satire—that of the 'science' of economics, for example, an obviously lush field with which the Russian people are said to be intimately acquainted. One wishes also that someone would 'do' present-day Soviet life without the pre-occupation of 'agitation' and without official guides to keep one off the grass, so to speak. It is unbelievable that some Soviet cartoonists have not discerned the unconscious comicality lying in those periodical official demonstrations of mass happiness in the Red Square, say, or in the reported floating of a statue of Stalin suspended from a balloon over villages during the recent Soviet elections; or again, in the enormous portraits of the Soviet gods and heroes contrasted with their somewhat dumpy selves. It may be unwise, even dangerous to public security in times of domestic uncertainty, to permit ridicule without restrictions as to its butts. So gone (temporarily, at least) is the comparative freedom of the 'twenties, when Deni caricatured Lenin, Trotsky and other leaders with impunity. The 'men of action' whose egos and ideologies have to be preserved in sanctity by means of directives and taboos will shed no tear if the satirists in their service consequently suffer a stultification of the true perspective, an unbalancing of the sense of proportion which is the basis of true wit. Perhaps the editors of *Krokodil* may sometimes reflect that if a sense of the ridiculous arises from a clear perception of what is contrasted with what *could be*, it follows that the more incomplete the view, the more ill-equipped the judgment of proportion. Restricted satirists, as pointers-out of the ridiculous, are in danger of becoming themselves ridiculous.—*Third Programme*

[The above talk is based on an article which originally appeared in *Soviet Studies*, Vol. II, No. 2 (Basil Blackwell, 7s. 6d.)]

The varieties of fruits mentioned by Fred Streeter in 'Home Grown' on February 25 were: Cultivated blackberries: Merton Thornless and John Innes. Gooseberries: Leveller, Careless, Whinham's Industry, Langley Gage and Whitesmith.

'A Worthy, Industrious, and Curious Person'

ARTHUR BRYANT on Samuel Pepys

AS it is Mr. Pepys' birthday*, perhaps the first thing to decide is how to pronounce his name. Some of his relations today call themselves Pep-ys; others Pepys-Cockerell. I think we can be sure of one thing. Pepys and his friends pronounced his name with one syllable. For most people then spelt as they pronounced. By his less educated acquaintances Pepys' name was written—and spoken—with a single syllable. And by the frequency with which in their spelling the vowel 'a' followed the first letter, I think we can reasonably guess it was pronounced Papes.

What manner of man was Pepys? He was born on February 23, 1633, the son of a poor London tailor, who lived in Bride's Court off Fleet Street. He went, with a scholarship, to St. Paul's School; like most of his school-fellows, sons of London merchants and shopkeepers, he was a Roundhead. On the day of Charles I's execution, which he witnessed at the age of fifteen, he went back to school and preached a sermon to his friends on the text, 'The memory of the wicked shall rot!' This caused him a great deal of embarrassment when, sixteen years later, a rising young official at the Court of Charles II, he met an old school friend at dinner who had heard that sermon. However, nothing was said. For the rest of his life Pepys was a royalist—rather a strong one.

From St. Paul's he went to Cambridge, to Magdalene—the beautiful little College to which on his death he left the library he had spent so many years in collecting, and where his memory is still held in such high honour; this very night I expect the Master and Fellows at their high table, lit by silver sconces, will be drinking his health. Perhaps they will also listen to the choristers singing one of the songs he composed: 'Beauty Retire' or 'Gaze not on Swans'. Pepys' career at Magdalene was not a very distinguished one; we know he wrote a play called 'Love a Cheate', which he afterwards burnt, and was once admonished by his tutors—like many undergraduates—for having been 'scandalously overseen in drink'. The next we know of him is that he fell in love—an event recalled in his diary: 'With great pleasure viewing my old walks, where Mrs. Hely and I did use to walk and talk, with whom I had the first sentiments of love and pleasure in woman's company, discourse and taking her by the hand, she being a pretty woman'.

He was, in fact, a very susceptible young man. When he was twenty-two he married a beautiful girl of fifteen, who had not a penny to her name. They were not very well suited. Yet he loved her, and though he was not always very faithful to her, or, even, sometimes, very kind, he never married again after her death at the age of thirty. Until the blitz you could see her monument, erected by himself, in the little church of St. Olave's, Hart Street, close to the Tower where they lived.

At first they were very poor. Pepys kept himself by acting as a kind of upper servant to a rich cousin who was high in Cromwell's favour and Commander-in-Chief of the Fleet. He recalls in his diary those early days with his bride: 'how she used to make coal fires and wash my foul clothes with her own hand for me, poor wretch, in our little room at Lord Sandwich's, for which I ought ever to love and admire her and

do'. Poor wretch, by the way, does not mean what it suggests today, it meant just poor dear.

The only other important thing about Pepys' early life was his operation. At the age of twenty-five he was cut for the stone—an ordeal from which most people in those days died. There was no chloroform and it required immense courage and toughness and Pepys had both courage and toughness. He survived. And on the anniversary of the great day he used to invite the relations and friends who had stood by him and give them a feast—'the day of my solemnity for the cutting of the stone', he called it. After dinner the stone itself used to be taken down in its fine case and passed round. Sometimes, when one of Pepys' friends had to undergo a similar ordeal, Pepys used to send him the stone to encourage him.

That was in 1658—the year of Cromwell's death. And on January 1, 1660, the curtain went up on Pepys' life in a way in which it has never gone up on that of any other human being. It remained up for more than nine years, when, fearing that his sight was failing, he gave up keeping his shorthand diary. That diary is one of the great books of the world. It runs to more than a million and a quarter words, and you can open it on any page and lose yourself completely in the life of the seventeenth century, of Charles II's London, and of this vigorous, curious, hard-working, pleasure-loving and intensely human man. It almost seems as it starts that Pepys understood the magnitude of what he was doing. 'Blessed be God', he writes, 'at the end of last year I was in very good health, without any sense of my old pain but upon taking of cold. I lived in Axe Yard, having my wife and servant Jane and no more in family than us three'. A few months later the King was restored, by the agency of Pepys' patron, and the poor



Samuel Pepys, aged about thirty-seven: portrait by Sir Peter Lely

By courtesy of the Master and Fellows of Magdalene College, Cambridge

Whitehall clerk—he was by that time in a government office—began his wonderful progress towards power and wealth and public service. And yet the progress is nothing: the telling of it in his diary everything.

What is it that makes the diary of this long-dead Londoner so wonderful to read? First of all, I think, because he had, *in excelsis*, the journalist's supreme quality—vivid curiosity. He wanted to find out about everything, because everything to him was interesting. 'At noon to my Lord Crewe's, where one Mr. Temple (an ingenious man and a person of honour he seems to be), dined; and, discoursing of the nature of serpents, he told us some in the waste places of Lancashire... feed upon larks, which they take thus: They observe when the lark is soared to the highest, and do crawl till they come to be just underneath them... and there, as is conceived, they do eject poison up to the bird: for the bird do suddenly come down again in its course of a circle, and falls directly into the mouth of the serpent, which is very strange'.

It is rather amusing to reflect that this gullible young man twenty years later became President of the Royal Society, and as such gave his name to the title-page of the greatest scientific work ever written by an Englishman—Newton's *Principia*. Science, mathematics, the globes, the art of navigation, dancing, music, book-collecting and

binding, pictures, miniature-making, the measuring of timber, all these and a hundred more were subjects of Pepys' vivid interest and enthusiasm. He never seemed to have a dull moment.

A Man to Whom 'Nothing Came Amiss'

In fact, Pepys could not understand dullness. One of the at once saddest and most comical entries in the diary refers to a country acquaintance, named Stankes, who came to stay with the Pepys in London. Samuel was naturally looking forward to showing him the sights of the town. 'But Lord! what a stir Stankes makes with his being crowded in the streets and wearied in walking in London, and would not be wooed by my wife and Ashwell to go to a play nor to go to Whitehall . . . though he was carried in a coach. I never could have thought there had been upon earth a man so little curious in the world as he is'. Nothing came amiss to Pepys. Even when he was kept awake at night by that particularly irritating experience, the sound of other people snoring, he seemed to enjoy it! 'But Lord the mirth which it caused me to be waked in the night by this snoring round about me: I did laugh till I was ready to burst!'

Then Pepys had the journalist's—the writer's—gift of summing up a scene or a person in a few brilliant, arresting words. He makes us see what he sees in the flash of an eye. His Aunt James—'a poor, religious, well-meaning good soul, talking of nothing else but God Almighty and that with so much innocence that mightily pleased me'; or his sister, Pall, 'a pretty, good-bodied woman and not over thick, as I thought she would have been, but full of freckles and not handsome in face'. Pepys was not, incidentally, at all handsome himself: a little, squat, dark man, with bright shining eyes.

And how wonderfully he could describe a great scene: the day when Monk's soldiers unexpectedly marched into a silent City and proclaimed there should be a Free Parliament—'and Bow bells and all the bells in all the churches as we went home were a-ringing . . .'; it was past imagination, both the greatness and the suddenness of it; the Restoration and the Coronation of the King; the horrors of the Plague; the superb description of the Fire of London, written—so strong was the artist in Pepys—when his home and treasure and all he valued in life were being threatened with imminent destruction. 'When we could endure no more upon the water, we to a little ale-house on the Bankside, over against the Three Cranes, and there staid till it was dark almost, and saw the fire grow; and, as it grew darker, appeared more and more, and in corners and upon steeples, and between churches and houses, as far as we could see up the hill of the City, in a most horrid malicious bloody flame, not like the fine flame of an ordinary fire. . . We staid till, it being darkish, we saw the fire as only one entire arch of fire from this to the other side the bridge, and in a bow up the hill for an arch of above a mile long: it made me weep to see it'.

It is sometimes said that Pepys put down everything in his diary. That is not true; no man could live, let alone as fully as Pepys, and record everything he did. What is true is that he did not exclude anything from his record that seemed to him essential, however much it told against himself. And he did not only put down his major infidelities and weaknesses: other diarists have done that and boasted of it. He put down all those little meannesses of thought and conduct which all of us commit, but which we can never, or scarcely ever, bring ourselves to admit, even to ourselves. Pepys shows us his vanity—the day he went to church for the first time in his new periwig: 'I found that my coming in a perriwig did not prove so strange to the world as I was afear'd it would, for I thought that all the church would presently have cast their eyes upon me, but I found no such thing'; his meannesses over money, though he could be very generous at times; his jealousies; his injustices to his wife. 'Home and found all well, only myself somewhat vexed at my wife's neglect in leaving of her scarfe, waistcoat and night dressings in the coach today; though I confess she did give them to me to look after'. Probably no one has ever given such an intimate, and real, picture of married life as Samuel Pepys. Sometimes it is not a very pleasant one: 'I did strike her over her left eye such a blow as the poor wretch did cry out and was in pain, but yet her spirit was such as to endeavour to bite and scratch me. But I, coying with her, made her cease crying, and sent for butter, and presently made friends again'. As a matter of fact they usually did. At any rate Mrs. Pepys could not complain that her married life was dull. Though, when shortly after this particular incident, Pepys wrote, 'And a pretty quiet loving family I have as any man in the world', he was probably overstating things. But in judging him, it is only

fair to remember that all we know against Pepys, we owe to Pepys himself. As men go, he was a very honest man; at any rate in his diary. That is one of the reasons it is such a wonderful one.

Above all, Pepys was an artist. He possessed the artist's gift of being able to select the vital moment, the vital experience. In doing so he makes us share the very life of his time. 'As I was writing of this very line, the bellman passed and cried, "Past one of the clock and a cold and frosty windy morning"'. He tells us of the guttering candle, 'which makes me write thus slobberingly'; of his new watch ('But Lord! to see how much of my old folly and childishness hangs on me still that I cannot forbear carrying my watch in my hand in the coach all the afternoon and seeing what o'clock it is one hundred times'); of being woken in the night: 'About 3 o'clock this morning I waked with the noise of the rain, having never in my life heard a more violent shower; and then the cat was locked in the chamber and kept a great mewling and leapt upon the bed, which made me I could not sleep a great while'. As we read, we are there—with him in the room—three hundred years ago.

Pepys was not only a great artist. He was both an artist and a man of affairs. Except in that shorthand diary of his youth—locked away in the office or on the shelves of his book presses—he had no chance to fulfil that side of his nature. Most of his life was given to the desk and to the Navy of England. The Navy Office and the Admiralty—at first seen only as opportunities for a worldly, ambitious young man—conquered his heart and became his life. He made it his business to give the naval service of England a regular rule and discipline which were to stand it in lasting stead, not only when some great man—a Francis Drake or Robert Blake—was at its head—but when, as inevitably happens in the history of any Service, mediocre and ordinary men ruled it. Pepys purged the Navy of corruption and inefficiency and slackness. A hundred years after his death, Lord Barham, the great administrator who sent Nelson to his victory at Trafalgar, wrote that Pepys' rules still governed the naval service in all that mattered. Twice he rose to be Secretary of the Admiralty and to represent it in Parliament. Twice he was overthrown and suffered false imprisonment through the jealousy and pettiness of political rivals. But his work lived on. And so, though it was unknown to his contemporaries, did his diary.

'A Very Great Cherisher of Learned Men'

Let me close this brief birthday glimpse of him by quoting the farewell words, written after his death, by his fellow diarist, John Evelyn. 'This day died Mr. Sam. Pepys, a very worthy, industrious, and curious person, none in England exceeding him in knowledge of the Navy, in which he had passed thro' all the most considerable offices, Clerk of the Acts and Secretary of the Admiralty, all which he performed with great integrity. When James II went out of England he laid down his office and would serve no more, but, withdrawing himself from all public affairs, he lived at Clapham with his partner, Mr. Hewer, formerly his clerk, in a very noble house and sweet place, where he enjoyed the fruit of his labours in great prosperity. He was universally beloved, hospitable, generous, learned in many things, skilled in music, a very great cherisher of learned men of whom he had the conversation'.

—Home Service

On February 11, 1225, King Henry III, although still a minor, regranted Magna Carta 'of our free and good will' to his lieges. In virtue of the confirmation by Edward I, it still remains on the statute book. The only fair and perfectly complete original of this Charter of 1225 at present known to be extant—the Lacock Abbey Magna Carta—has now been returned to England from the United States and is on view in the Department of Manuscripts at the British Museum. This is one of the facts included in *The British Museum Quarterly*, Vol. XVI, No. 1, published by the Trustees of the British Museum, price 3s. 6d. The British Museum also announces that the Friends of the National Libraries will hold an exhibition from early in May until mid-July, in the King's Library of the Museum, to celebrate the twentieth anniversary of the Society's foundation, and to coincide with the Festival of Britain. The object of the exhibition is to show a selection of the most interesting books and manuscripts which the Friends of the National Libraries have helped to acquire, in one way or another, over the past two decades for libraries and collections of national importance and interest. This includes, besides the three national libraries, local libraries, religious foundations, universities and schools. It will consist of 180 exhibits from twenty-three collections, and will occupy the whole of the King's Library.

Framework of the Future

Science as a Solution to Our Problems

By H. L. BEALES

A HUNDRED years ago, at the entrance to Paxton's palace of glass, a leaflet was being distributed. It raised a disturbing question. 'Who passes', it asked, 'from the work to the workman, and asks—what of all that glory does he share? Talk of the development of industry: it is the development of curvature of the spine, concave chests and deformities of mind more hideous than deformities of the body. . . Growing civilisation has brought with it some incidental advantages to the people, but it has also brought with it one deadly and universal curse—uncertainty'.

Festival of Industry and Peace

The Great Exhibition of 1851 was a festival of industry and peace and therefore of new and old ideas and machines, as the Festival of Britain this year will be. The exhibits a century ago were indeed a mixed lot—the block of coal weighing twenty-four tons, the statue of the Queen done in zinc, the state bed on whose coverlet thirty needlewomen had worked for ten months, the Sheffield knife with a hundred and sixty-five blades. It may have been puzzling; but it was a world of hope. People looked forward; with us confidence in the future is a luxury, often called wishful thinking. Yet just over their hedge was a war—the Crimean war—and how unready for it they were was soon made clear in the experience of Florence Nightingale. Few, I suppose, would say that we are better equipped now to master our destiny than were those early Victorians. Their age, like ours, was an age of new technologies, and new technologies sweep the old away, though minds move slowly to their understanding.

A hundred years ago the full promise of the new machines was still concealed. It is not easy now to think of the middle of the nineteenth century as it actually was—railways thinly spread over the landscape; no cheap steel; no internal combustion engines; no this, no that; and its terrible towns, festering in pestilence and drunkenness, in crime and squalor and prostitution—cholera-ridden, over-worked, under-governed and ugly. It was Jevons, a leading economist of the day, who pointed out that 'the slightest relapse of trade throws whole towns and classes of people into a state of destitution little short of famine'. The Recorder of Birmingham, brother of the founder of the penny post, grimly remarked that experience at the Bar and as a director of an insurance company had made him aware of the connection between infanticide and insurance. Smallpox was still rampant; the causes of cholera were unknown; vested interests defended the supplying of filthy water, in the terms of free enterprise; democracy was a term of abuse for a system that could never be tolerated. The new factories with their weekly wage system and their harsh tyrannies were still, as at first, places in which their 'inmates' (as one of their apologists called them) lost their humanity. But they made all sorts of goods cheap and plentiful: they standardised and mass-produced things as well as men. They brought new wealth with them. Leisure, holidays, liberty and widened and active civic responsibilities came too.

A new civilisation was built up on the foundations of power-driven machinery. It made a new governing class, the middle class, educated by experience and the new so-called public schools to the job of controlling the vast energies of their factories and banks and railways: it made, too, a new working class, trained to new skills, new responsibilities and in the long run to higher standards of living. So change set in. The mob became a crowd: the crowd became an election meeting. The school escaped from catechism and the three Rs to a more vivid world of activities and health. The town was disciplined by its public administrators till it had a rich network of public services. The swollen working-day was shortened under labour pressure, its heaviest burdens were handed over to the machines, and its disciplines were made more human. . . .

The vast outputs of the new industries became the basis of new principles and new standards of social welfare. The small families of our day are less fear-ridden by the threat of poverty and squalor and old age. Who would have guessed a century ago that new enjoyments, better living, the first beginnings of democracy, would be made possible

by the new technologies? Victorians still talked the language of Gradgrind of Coketown, but the new civilisation was making it threadbare, and in the twentieth century their class-consciousness was becoming ridiculous. The gains of this new civilisation were indeed striking. And they sum up—to what? Not to the increasing misery postulated by Karl Marx nor to the pessimism of Herbert Spencer's *The Man Versus the State*. Nor to the wasteful opulence of late Victorian plutocracy. Our industrial civilisation issues in the new social order of fair-shares-all-round, in that characteristically British experiment, or achievement, in social democracy which is transcending the party barriers and establishing a new quality of British life and citizenship.

The new dawn of the industrial era had visibly broken by 1851. The big beginnings had been made long before. The textile industries had been taken over by the steam-driven machines and there were 5,000 miles of railway. Twenty years before 1851 Michael Faraday had made the great electrical experiments which were to transform the physical world. Faraday, the blacksmith's son who left school at the age of thirteen, did more than any one man, perhaps, to lay the scientific foundations of our industrial world. When he was shown an electric lamp, he remarked, 'I gave it to you a baby; you have brought it back to me a giant'. Without his momentous discovery of electromagnetic induction, we might have had the flash-lamp, but we would not have had electric power in our factories, electric furnaces in our foundries, electric light in our streets and houses. It would be hard to think of Lenin's new Russia of soviets and electrification without the work of Faraday, who affectionately bound his own Bible in leather and marked its margins in his own code of signs. For Faraday there was no conflict between science and religion—it was the popular preacher Dr. Cumming who feared that the hammer of the geologist would destroy the Rock of Ages. 'Science and art and national resources', he wrote, 'are tasked in all directions, in order to make the most formidable weapons for offensive and defensive war. The discoveries of modern science will lead to . . . such conflagrations of armies as never were equalled in the history of the new world'. That was in 1859, not 1951.

These discoveries of modern science were to grow more and more complex. When Cavendish, in 1781, discovered that water was composed of two parts of hydrogen and one of oxygen, he not only displaced ideas and authority as old as Aristotle, but he started a stream of experiment which has brought us to the age of nylons and cosmetics, synthetic rubber and sulphur drugs, new films and new plastics, new dyestuffs and new explosives and new fertilisers. There is no end to that story, and those who talk about the perils of materialism are welcome to try to live without them!

An Endless Chain

Electricity, transport, chemicals, steel—a moving belt, an assembly line of increasing power over nature through increasing knowledge of her secrets and increasing skill in their application. That is not a story of the isolated brain-waves of men of genius; it is an endless chain of collaboration. You can no more stop these things than Canute could stay the tide. Nor can you put that clock back. When man once escapes from his primeval forests, he only goes back to them for a holiday. The primeval forests are contracting—they are raw material nowadays for the paper-maker and the tourist agent. So the material framework of the future is being built by further advance on the lines already laid down. It was an old socialist half-truth that the problem of production had been solved, and that of distribution was next to be dealt with. What we are finding is that there is no halting with either.

As man extends his control over the powers of nature, he transforms his life and his thought as well as his environment. A hundred years ago, Babbage was at work on his calculating machine; now, the new electronics seem to threaten to substitute the calculating machine for man himself. In the nineteenth century there seemed to be no need to worry about the meaning of progress. So comfortable and promising did it all seem that progress and evolution became interchangeable

terms. There were dark spots, too many of them, but there was a belief in the validity of reason in the analysis of our problems and in goodwill being available for their solution. Now many people are not so sure. They have pushed belief in 'progress' out of their minds, not even pausing to remember its cumulative reality in the field of applied science. Why? one may ask. It may be because the great industrial societies have been built up with a heavy burden of neglected social costs which leaves human beings derelict and which forces public enterprise to take over branches of what was private enterprise before. Or perhaps it is because of the prevalence of wars and revolutions in the twentieth century, which impoverish individuals and wreck societies. It is true that industrial revolutions do destroy old arts and crafts, old class relationships, old patterns of living, and substitute the rhythms of the machine and the city for those of the hand-tool and the country.

Even so, I cannot but feel that the antagonism to the new technologies is sentimental and overdone. To thunder against materialism on a typewriter is silly. There is so much in the future within our grasp that I find it hard to be patient with moralists or theologians who say that we are gaining the whole world only to lose our own souls. They seem to me to be chattering like a gramophone when the needle gets stuck. Such voices sound like dry leaves scuttering in the graveyards of the mind. These are the Luddites of our day. Look over the whole record of industrialism: it has been a record of emancipation that the new technologies have ushered in. Men have been freed from ancient hierarchies, from the dead hand of privilege and disease and want. Societies have been knit together, and strengthened and made responsive to men's

needs and demands. Even now it is impossible to believe that wars cannot be escaped, though it is, admittedly, a desperately tight corner the Great Powers have landed themselves in. The wars of contending creeds are, alas, no new experience, but they are not inevitable.

The great thing about our scientific age is that it offers the material means to the solution of our social and even our international problems, if we have the ability to force things so far as solution. It can offer the basis simultaneously of peace and toleration, and nothing else seems to offer so big a gain as that. What is wrong with the application of science to the problems of life is that it has not been pushed far enough—we keep the old alive too long in our minds, and lull ourselves to weakness by devising defences against enemies (like poverty, colour bars, disease, and waste) that we have the means to defeat. The high productivities of modern industry have given us great social and intellectual gains—they could give us international peace, also, if we would let them. At this present time India stands on the brink of famine. The United States dips deep into her reserves of food grains to stave it off. Such acts are new in world history. They have their origin in that material progress which is the framework of the present and the future.

Victory in war has always been a will-o'-the-wisp luring men to their destruction, but it is not economic and social progress which leads to war. 'If mankind had wished for what is right', Hazlitt said, 'they might have had it long ago'. But such wishing means using our physical and intellectual powers to the full, and if we fall down on that we shall deserve the new dark age which, surely, will be the consequence.

—Home Service

Twentieth-century Scientific Myths

The first of three talks by STEPHEN TOULMIN

IF we go into an eighteenth-century library, we may be surprised by the number of theological works it contains. Baxter's *Reasons*, Ogden's *Articles*, Warburton's *Divine Legation*: there they stand, and with them the sermons, row on row of them, solid, calf-bound, imposing: yet somehow completely foreign—period pieces, like the wigs and top-boots in a Hogarth print. For a member of the Literary Club, it was as important to be *au fait* with Ogden or Warburton as it was to be ready with an apt quotation from Pope or Horace. But the obligations we feel in the twentieth century are different. It is science we like to be up to date in, Freud and Hoyle we choose to know about. If we are puzzled by the shelves of collected sermons in our ancestors' libraries, that is because we forget how far scientific and aesthetic questions have replaced moral and theological ones as the staple of dinner-table conversation; and how far the popular scientist has stolen the audience of the popular preacher.

This looks like a great change. And certainly everyone recognises the prestige which science has come to have. But is the change as great as it seems? That depends on whether the questions the man-in-the-street expects the scientist to answer are always ones about which a scientist is specially qualified to speak. So before we are too impressed by the change, it is worth asking: when we turn to works on popular science, is it always genuinely scientific questions we are interested in? I think this is only partly so. Often enough, we tend to ask too much of science, and to read into the things the scientist tells us implications that are not there—which, in the nature of the case, cannot be there—drawing from scraps of information about, say, physics conclusions which no amount of physics could by itself establish. Some of our questions, indeed, are clearly the same as those that the eighteenth-century theologians tackled: a discussion of free-will is none the less about free-will for our dragging in Heisenberg's Uncertainty Principle.

Quite a lot of popular science books encourage us to draw these conclusions. Their authors use them, not just to explain some piece of scientific research, some new theory or discovery about phenomena previously not understood, but to do something more, something different, something that can hardly be called 'science' at all. As a result, there has grown up an independent body of ideas, which play a considerable part in the layman's picture of science, but in science proper none at all—the Running-Down Universe, Evolution with a capital E, and so on. These are my subject, and I shall speak of them as 'scientific myths'.

'Scientific myths': the very phrase may sound a little paradoxical. For we like to think of myths as a thing of the past. We pride ourselves that they have been killed, and killed, mark you, by science. Atlas, Ceres, Wotan, Poseidon—*nous n'avons pas besoin de ces hypothèses*. We think of them, that is, as the relics of an attempt to explain in one way—by personification—things we can now explain much better in another.

But this is rather a shallow view. The personification of natural phenomena—that is dead, true enough. But many of the motives which produced the myths of the Greek and Northern peoples remain. It is not enough to regard the old stories only as half-baked science. They were that all right. When people used to talk about Zeus (or Wotan) as 'the Thunder-maker', they certainly thought that to do so explained thunderstorms. So to this extent the notion of 'Zeus' played for them the part which that of 'atmospheric electricity' plays for us. But there was something more to these myths. Zeus was for them not only 'the Thunder-maker', but also 'the Father of Men'; and as such he met a very different need. For mere disinterested curiosity over unexplained phenomena would never have led people to talk of 'a Divine Father'—whether in Heaven, or on Olympus. Accordingly, that has never been a purely scientific conception. So, though with the progress of science the motions of the sea and the stars, and the growth of the corn have ceased to be for us, the work of hidden hands, nevertheless some of the motives for myth-making are with us today as much as ever they were. Myths, too. And what I want to do in these talks is to point out where one must look for the myths of the twentieth century, to try to unravel the non-scientific motives behind them, and to show you these motives at work.

If we do think of ourselves as myth-free, when we are not, that is largely because the material from which we construct our myths is taken from the sciences themselves. It is like the situation in those trickiest of detective stories, the ones in which the detective himself turns out to have done the deed: he is the last man we suspect. There are other reasons why we find it hard to recognise our own myths, certainly. They are hard to spot, as our own fallacies are hard to spot, just because they are our own. It is so easy to think of fallacies as the faults in *other people's* bad arguments, and of myths as the queer ideas people used to have about the universe. Again, we are inclined to think of myths as necessarily being anthropomorphic, of personification as the only road to myth. But the myths of the twentieth century, as we shall see, are not so much anthropomorphic as mechanomorphic. And

why shouldn't the purposes of myth be served as effectively by picturing the universe in terms of mythical machines as by invoking mythical personages?

Still, in the main, it is because our contemporary myths are scientific ones that we fail to acknowledge them as being myths at all. The old picture of the world has been swept away; Poseidon and Wotan have suffered death by ridicule; and people not unnaturally look to the scientist for a substitute. There lies the misunderstanding. For only in part were the ancient myths half-baked science: only in part was their role an explanatory one. So far as it was, we can reasonably look on the sciences as their descendants. But that is all. The other, non-scientific, motives behind them remain, and the sciences cannot be expected to cater for these. The notion of 'atmospheric electricity', for instance, was introduced to account in a scientific way for lightning: to that extent it displaced Zeus as 'the Thunder-maker'. But it was never intended to take over Zeus' role as 'the Divine Father' as well. Rather the two roles have been separated, so that thunderstorms are no longer regarded as a theological topic, as once they were.

Fusion and Confusion

This is only one of the many respects in which we have come to distinguish between the natural sciences and other disciplines. But these distinctions are still not always clearly respected. Things which were once fused can be again confused. And when we begin to expect from the scientist a tidy, simple—especially an all-purpose—picture of the world; when we treat his tentative and carefully qualified conclusions as universal certainties; when we inflate some discovery of limited scope into the mainspring of the universe, and try to read in the scientist's palm the solutions of difficult problems in ethics, aesthetics, politics, or philosophy; then we are asking of him things he is in no position to give, and turning his theories into myths.

Yet this is what the man-in-the-street so often does. When he listens to Fred Hoyle or J. Z. Young, he does not do so for the science alone. What he finds particularly exciting—or disturbing—about their talks is not the bits of genuine science they tell him about (though these are intriguing enough): rather, it is the philosophical and theological implications he reads into them. Hoyle's phrase 'continuous creation' seizes his attention just because it has a strong flavour of the Book of Genesis. And it is the same when J. Z. Young talks about those 15,000,000,000 brain-cells of ours: however unjustly, the non-scientist understands him not only as suggesting the working of things whose mechanism has always been unknown to us, but also as explaining away all kinds of things we have believed in.

But one need not be bullied, or muddled, into accepting as authoritative and established scientific truths conclusions on which the scientist is in no better position to speak than anyone else. For instance: are all our ideals solely a question of brain-mechanism? Well, if ever it is found that identifiable cell-structures or electronic processes are always present in a man's brain if he, say, believes in freedom of speech, that will be a fascinating discovery. But even if this happens, what will it show? Need such a discovery be taken as proving anything about the importance or unimportance of our ideals? Not at all. So it is not simply too soon for the brain physiologist to tell us about that: this is not the sort of thing he could ever be in a position to lay down the law about. Brain physiology, like many other sciences, is going to make great strides before long, but it cannot prove everything: so do not let us expect from it guidance in problems to which it is simply not relevant.

This is a logical matter—a matter of recognising what sorts of data are relevant to what sorts of conclusion, and which bear neither one way nor the other. Fred Hoyle is said to have composed his concluding, unscientific postscript because he was amazed at the comfort the devout had been obtaining from his earlier talks. Now it was all very well arguing that some listeners had misunderstood the whole subject of his talks. But if he felt that, properly understood, his theory should be a source of positive discomfort to religious people, he was deceived in the same way as they. For what is puzzling is not people's, say, taking comfort from an astrophysical theory—seeing in it a prop for their faith—rather than having their faiths shaken, and so feeling upset by it. No: what we should boggle at is the idea that any reaction of this kind is called for, that there can be any connection either way between Hoyle's physics and the attitude we should adopt towards the world.

What is it that is odd about treating astrophysical theory as a ground for feeling comfortable (or uncomfortable) about the universe?

And, if it is the result of a misunderstanding, why do people find it so natural? In my next talk, I shall be considering in some detail one of the myths in which this misunderstanding is enshrined—the myth of the Running-Down Universe. It will be instructive to see how this grew up, and what led people to think that thermodynamics had philosophical implications on a grand scale. But for the moment I want only to make a little clearer the central distinction which it is my purpose to illustrate, the distinction between science as a source of knowledge, and science as the raw material of myth. The point to remember is this. When a technical term is introduced into a science, or an everyday word is given a fresh, scientific application, it has a clearly-defined place in a theory—a theory whose task is to explain some limited range of phenomena. What gives the term a meaning for science is the part which it plays in this explanation. One can think of such a term as a piece in a jig-saw puzzle; and, like such a piece, it loses most of its significance as soon as we try to make anything of it out of context. Take a historical example. When Newton introduced the idea of universal gravitation, his purpose was a limited but tangible one: namely, to account for the motions of the planets, the comets and the moon in terms of the same laws of motion as hold for terrestrial bodies. And when one says 'account for', this means (as he himself emphasised) account in a mathematical way. For Newton's purposes, the term 'gravity' drew its meaning from the inverse-square law; and this in its turn he used to work out how, in this or that situation, things must be expected to move. As far as he was concerned, his theory needed no other justification. He saw that in due course it might be extended to deal with other phenomena, but (he insisted) we must not jump to conclusions; and in any case his notion of 'gravity' need not be taken to have any implications outside the theory.

It is some such modest but solid job that all scientific terms are put to—'evolution', 'entropy', and so on, quite as much as 'gravity'. And, correspondingly, scientists can hope to settle the questions that arise in practice, by looking and seeing whether or no things do happen as the theory suggests: in this way they will usually be led to accept one answer and reject the alternatives. What happens if we forget this? Well, look at Newton again. If people wished to speculate in more ambitious but less tangible ways, that, he felt, was their business; and when it came to interpreting Biblical prophecies, he was quite prepared to join in. But if they chose to talk in this non-scientific way about 'gravity', there was one snag. For then there would be no way of checking what they said by experiment or observation, and so, scientifically speaking, nothing to choose between one answer and another. And if by no conceivable observations could we decide between two disputants, there could be no question of either of them claiming support from his theory: whatever they meant by 'gravity', it must be something different.

Attacks on Newton

Did Newton's disclaimers save him from controversy? Not a bit: his ideas were attacked from three sides. Leibniz accused them of being repugnant to common sense: to speak of the heavenly bodies as gravitating towards one another was, he said, 'a strange fiction'. Berkeley regarded some of the implications of Newton's views as atheistical, for reasons which we now find rather hard to follow. And finally the supporters of Descartes' system attacked the theory simply as a rival theory. On their picture of the solar system, one must think of the planets as carried round the sun like chips floating in a vortex: the idea of a force of gravitational attraction played no part in their theory at all. Newton's reaction to these criticisms is significant. For he thought it worth while to reply only to the last one. And his reply was simple. It was not enough, he argued, for a theory to provide a vivid picture of the solar system: one must work out its consequences in detail. And if you did this for the vortex theory, you could not, short of the most implausible and groundless assumptions, make it fit the facts. For, in the first place, to talk of a vortex at all suggested that the space between the planets is filled with some kind of celestial bath-water, whose motions carry the planets round with it. But there was no independent evidence at all for supposing the existence of this fluid: indeed, there were several reasons for rejecting the supposition. And further, to make the vortex theory work one must assume not merely the existence of this wholly impalpable fluid: one must suppose also that its physical properties (already, alas! undetectable) vary greatly from point to point. A theory expressed in such terms as these could be of little use to us. Newton's own theory, by contrast, would account for all

(continued on page 344)

NEWS DIARY

February 21-27

Wednesday, February 21

The Railway Executive and railway unions fail to reach agreement in wage negotiations

Britain and the United States make new proposals to the Security Council for settling the Kashmir dispute

Argentina replies to British Note proposing renewal of trade talks

Thursday, February 22

Minister of Labour intervenes in the railway wages negotiations

Mr. Churchill questions the Prime Minister about the nomination of an American admiral as naval commander of the North Atlantic Treaty countries

United Nations troops clear a large part of the communist salient on the central front in Korea

Friday, February 23

Dispute over railway wages settled. Increase of £12,000,000 a year to be paid immediately; cost to be met by higher fares and charges and by economies in working

In a speech at Capetown Dr. Malan, Prime Minister of South Africa, accuses Britain and the United Nations of 'killing the Commonwealth'

Government defeated on a private member's Bill on road haulage

Saturday, February 24

In spite of wages settlement a number of railwaymen stop work, especially in the Western region

Mr. Dewey, Republican Governor of New York, urges Congress not to forbid the despatch of American troops to Europe

Death of Sir Arthur Street, Deputy Chairman of the National Coal Board

Sunday, February 25

Foreign Office studies latest Note from Soviet Russia on the subject of Anglo-Russian relations

United Nations forces meet increasing resistance in Central Korea

Monday, February 26

Prime Minister makes statement in Commons about proposed North Atlantic naval command

Arrest in Czechoslovakia of Dr. Clementis, former Foreign Minister

R.A.F. to release Heligoland from bombing practice

Tuesday, February 27

Fresh gains made by United Nations forces in central Korea

Over 7,000 London dockers engage in 'token strike' when seven dockers appear on remand at Bow Street charged with inciting other dock workers to take part in illegal strikes



After five days of negotiations a settlement was reached in the railway dispute on February 23. In the photograph representatives of the British Railway Executive and of the railway unions are seen signing the agreement whereby wage increases amounting to £12,000,000 a year are to be granted. In the centre is Mr. J. B. Figgins, Secretary of the National Union of Railwaymen; second from the right is Mr. J. Elliot, Chairman of the Railway Executive



Men of the United States First Cavalry Division, supported by tanks, attacking an enemy-held hill somewhere in Korea. In a statement to the House of Representatives the U.S. Army Chief of Staff said that about 250,000 American troops were now in Korea. During the past week United Nations troops have continued to make progress in all sectors, although heavy rains and a thaw were hampering the movement of equipment and supplies were being delivered by air. In the central sector a North Korean force of about 60,000 men was reported to have been 'virtually routed.'



On February 21 the *English Electric Canberra* jet-bomber flew from Northern Ireland to Newfoundland (a distance of over 2,000 miles) in four hours, forty minutes—the fastest crossing of the Atlantic ever made. The aircraft, piloted by Squadron-Leader A. E. Callard, is seen taking off from the R.A.F. base at Aldergrove, Northern Ireland, at the start of its flight



Cambridgeshire, photographed last week across the flooded fields of the River Ouse. More rain of the week brought fresh floods to many areas and some roads were under two feet of water. This February is estimated to have had the heaviest rainfall since 1877



The Cambridge University Lent races were held last week on the Cam: the photograph shows the Division 3 race in progress on February 22. Rowing as a combined club First and Third Trinity finished head of the river

Left: by 11 points to 3 France beat England for the first time in the international match at Twickenham last Saturday. G. Basquet (French captain) is seen scoring a try. In the international match at Murrayfield Ireland beat Scotland by 6 points to 5

Party Political Broadcast

The Labour Government and Defence

By the Rt. Hon. EMANUEL SHINWELL, M.P., Minister of Defence

GOOD evening. It is a pity that the Conservatives in Parliament should sacrifice national unity for party advantage as was shown in the defence debate last week. On that occasion they indulged in a political manoeuvre of which they really should feel ashamed. If the vital subject of national defence is to be brought into the political arena—and I agree it ought not to be excluded—surely national interest should come first.

Perhaps we ought not to blame every member of the Conservative Party. We know that many of them were disappointed with their leader. They have been worried about him for some time, and those who imagine that all is well in the Conservative Party are deceiving themselves. I must say that it is sometimes very difficult to avoid the impression that Mr. Churchill is concerned only with provoking trouble and avenging his election defeats in 1945 and 1950. It is tragic that a man whose great qualities are appreciated by members of all parties should now devote himself to mischievous activities which benefit neither his party nor our country.

Let us contrast the position now with what it was in 1940. When the country was in danger and Mr. Chamberlain's Government was obviously unfit to undertake the task of prosecuting the war, Mr. Churchill sought Labour's co-operation. He was a bitter political opponent of the Labour Party, yet we agreed to forget party interests and, at his request, we rallied to his support against the opposition of many members of the Conservative Party. He now says that Labour Ministers cannot be trusted to build a strong defence organisation. But from 1940 to 1945 Mr. Churchill relied on his Labour colleagues to undertake those tasks for which he now says they are unfitted. How would he have done without Mr. Attlee as his deputy, Herbert Morrison in charge of the Home Office during the blitz, together with Ernest Bevin at the Ministry of Labour, where, undoubtedly, he did great work. Of course, we all remember that Mr. Churchill had no confidence in the Baldwin and Chamberlain Governments and also said cruel and bitter things about some of those colleagues who now sit beside him on the Opposition Front Bench. Moreover, during the war he was compelled to appoint a Civil Servant as Secretary of State for War because Conservative War Secretaries were regarded as complete failures.

Let me make Labour's position clear. Britain has already taken an enormous share in the defence of the free world. We have spent a bigger proportion of our national income on defence than any other nation. But we are arming to defend ourselves, if necessary, and not for aggression. That is our sole reason for embarking on this costly defence policy. One thing we can say—and we are proud to say it—there are no warmongers in the Labour Party. We would much rather spend these vast sums of money on peaceful projects. We believe that war can be prevented. We are prepared to negotiate, but not to appease. That is why we are ready for the four-power talks. We are determined, if necessary, to defend, but not to attack. This new defence programme is going to mean sacrifices from all of us. It will mean postponing for a time a rise in our standard of living. We must all be prepared to pay the price of peace and bear our own share of that burden. It is just like

an insurance policy. But there are financial, industrial and social implications in our defence policy.

We are undertaking a defence programme which is firmly based on a sound economic structure. It must be an economy strong and stable, as British economy is today. Panic rearmament on the Conservative pattern is more likely to weaken the economy than to strengthen our defences. But something more is required. To be strong in defence we need a social system based on justice and fair play. The people of our country are fully employed. There is no background of unemployment and misery to our defence effort. The background is that of an active and prosperous community; not as prosperous as we should like it to be, but certainly more prosperous than it used to be. When you look back to the war years this is a tremendous achievement. During the war it was stated in the House of Commons that our country would be faced with the most serious problems when the war came to an end. I remember those debates in Parliament when the most gloomy predictions were made by members of the different political parties. Everybody agreed that war was exhausting our resources, and that we were bound to suffer severe hardship when it was over. We had to revive our export trade, recover our losses, and promote economic recovery. Nowadays, however, the Conservatives talk glibly as though everything should have been easy after the war. They know the truth, but they want you to think that every one of our problems is due to Government policy.

But what are the facts? In spite of shortages, the people of our country are much better off than anyone expected them to be after the war years. Indeed, our average standard of living is now higher than it was before the war. Output has increased. There are fairer shares and the provision of subsidies has prevented the price of foodstuffs rising to the inflated levels which we see in so many other countries. I am not going to say that there isn't a cost of living problem. The tragedy is that just before the outbreak of the Korean war we seemed to be entering on an easier period. Goods were flowing into the shops; we were beginning to balance our overseas trade. But since Korea the cost of living has taken a vicious upward trend. Most of this is due to world rearmament and increased demand in every country for scarce raw materials. Even so, through food subsidies, price controls and bulk purchase the rise in the cost of living in this country has been less than in most other countries—and very much less than in many of them.

We have achieved even more in the last five years. By providing a decent health service in which all can share, with provision of full employment, plus improved conditions for aged people, not forgetting the vast change in the health and physique of our children, our social advancement is second to none throughout the entire world. This has been done in face of unprecedented difficulties, and can be regarded as among the many achievements of the Government. I don't deny that mistakes in policy have occurred. Yet, when we reflect on the mistakes of past Conservative Governments—the destitution in the depressed areas, the low wages, the neglect of social services, the chronic unemployment, the policy of scarcity deliberately fostered

by the Conservatives, the terrible conditions of the miners, the dockers and other workers, and their families—when we remember all this, then whatever mistakes the present Government have made are almost nothing alongside the blundering, the ineptitude and, what is worse, the deliberate neglect for which successive Conservative Governments were responsible.

One thing is certain. We must never allow ourselves to return to the conditions that prevailed when Conservative Governments were in power. None but those who are hopelessly biased can deny the fact that poverty, which meant living on bare subsistence standards, was the lot of the majority of the wage-earners of this country in the years before the war. For most of them there was the ever-present fear and menace of destitution and, for the 2,000,000 almost permanently unemployed, there was semi-starvation, malnutrition and physical and moral decay. If anybody thinks I am exaggerating, let them read the debates in the House of Commons on unemployment, on health insurance or old age pensions during the twenty miserable years between the wars. If they are sceptical about the manner in which Conservative politicians dealt with great social evils, let them study the reports that were prepared by social investigators and they will not remain unmoved by the terrible story of human misery.

What guarantee have we got that if the Conservatives were returned to power we should not witness a repetition of those miseries? The other night Sir Graham Cunningham, a well-known industrialist, speaking to young Conservatives at Putney, declared that 'full employment was bound to end in a catastrophe' and went on to complain that 'any working man could get a new job if he decided to leave his old one'. That is the Tory mind. He and others like him think it shocking that the workers should have a measure of economic freedom. They want to return to the good old days of uncontrolled private enterprise, with long queues at the Labour Exchanges, when the employers could pick and choose their labour, and dismiss, without regard to human considerations, any workman who for one reason or another they happened to dislike. We know that Conservatives in high places and in certain sections of the Conservative press also prefer a margin of unemployment so that employers may have a little elbow room to play with. We know what to expect if ever we are foolish enough to let the Conservatives return to power.

And now I should like to pay a well deserved tribute to the people of our country for their restraint and courage; with some exceptions they have been truly magnificent: but then, what are we to think of those Conservative leaders who, ever since the end of the war, have constantly sought to disparage the efforts that our country has made? The fact is that a vast moral and, indeed, spiritual change has come over our land in the past few years. There is a determination to overcome the difficulties which have emerged from the war. There is the firm resolve that we shall again occupy a proud place in world leadership. Under a Conservative Government we should never have enjoyed the high place in the world's esteem that we do today nor have the same influence for preserving the peace.

Here then is the position of the Labour Government. Our first aim is to create a world

in which men and women can live in peace. We know that it is the ordinary folk of every country who suffer most from war. This, therefore, is our plan for peace. First, to make ourselves strong enough to discourage any aggressor from indulging in mischief. Second, to build up our industrial and economic strength which in itself is an instrument of defence. Third, to help the development of the backward countries of the world. This should be done on its own merits, but it will also help to build up a resistance to communist aggression. But I understand that the Conservative members of the House of Commons have no confidence in our leadership. Therefore, let us just take a good

look at some of the tory leaders who would like to take our places. Where are the intellectual giants? Where are the great statesmen who have proved their worth in times of peace? Where are those leaders of constructive genius who have helped the country on the progressive path, who have contributed to the welfare of the people and the whole country? Apart from two or three at most I doubt whether ten per cent. of the Conservatives in the country could tell you who their leaders are—and does it matter anyhow?

So let it be clearly understood that all the thumping and rolling of tory drums will not frighten the Labour Party. Fifty years ago the

Labour Party was a tiny organisation treated with contempt by the Conservatives and sneered and jeered at by their press. But in spite of all vicissitudes, it has survived until it is now the largest political party in the state. Throughout the years we have shown our devotion to the national interest. We have sought to keep the nation out of war, to protect the liberties of the people, and to preserve our democratic rights. I do not claim that Labour's mission has been completely fulfilled—that will take time—but if we can avert another war, then with goodwill and co-operation we shall bring a greater measure of happiness and contentment into the lives of our people. Goodnight.—*Home Service*

Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles or talks printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

André Gide: a Personal Tribute

Sir,—André Gide will no doubt be duly honoured in your pages*, but I should like to add a personal tribute. Not that I knew him well personally. We exchanged letters now and then, and I saw something of him in Paris at an international writers' conference in 1935. Like many others at that date, he was then hopeful of the Russian experiment, he was not scared by its economic and social heresies, and he had not foreseen its contempt for individual freedom or its regimentation of the intellect and of taste. He made a moving speech at the conference about the greatness of Man, who will become greater still when no men suffer from misery or want. He was the humanist unafraid.

He was also as slippery as a trout. He entertained myself and a friend at a restaurant, stood us a delightful dinner with promise of a still more delightful talk after it, and then—*il se sauva* when the coffee arrived, he saved himself, he was gone. André Malraux went with him. I still remember the disappearance of those two distinguished backs, and our mild disappointment. In what diverse directions were they finally to vanish! That, too, none of us then foresaw.

I saw Gide once more, after Paris. He did not see me. It was in a remote valley in the Crau, in Provence. He was leaning over a bridge with a friend, looking at a rushing turbid stream, silent, and looking upstream. It is thus that I most clearly see him. Distinguished as ever, he was also content. I realised more clearly how much he had got out of life, and had managed to transmit through his writings. Not life's greatness—greatness is a nineteenth-century perquisite, a Goethean job. But life's complexity, and the delight, the difficulty, the duty of registering that complexity and of conveying it. Unlike some others who have apprehended complexity, he was a hard worker. He wrote and wrote and travelled and wrote, and oh how he has helped us in consequence! He has taught thousands of people, particularly on the continent, to mistrust facades, to call the bluff, to be brave without bounce and inconsistent without frivolity. He is the humanist of our age—not of other ages, but of this one.

His equipment contained much that was unusual and bewildering. He was what *The Times* obituary notice of him sagely terms 'heterodox' (i.e. homosexual), he had in many ways a pagan outlook, yet he had also a puritanical and religious outlook, which was inherent in his upbringing. He had also, and above all, a belief in discovering the truth and following it. This comes out in the fascinating exchange of letters between him and Paul Claudel. Claudel,

an authoritative authoritarian, had much that Gide believed himself to lack—more genius, more influence, more money, more will-power, more everything—and he tried to impose his formidable personality upon his correspondent, and to convert him to his own strongly held views. He was a fisher of men. He cast his net. But the fish escaped. Wavering, yielding, tempted, flustered, Gide nevertheless slipped through the meshes and continued his undulating course upstream. *Il se sauva*. He saved himself instead of being saved, and left Paul Claudel planted on the bank.

Gide had not a great mind. But he had a free mind, and free minds are as rare as great, and even more valuable at the present moment. He has died at the age of eighty-one. No one could wish old people to live on in days like these; he is well out of it, yet I wish he had found time to write me that letter on the subject of *Howards End*. Year after year I have heard through mutual friends that he was contemplating one. It would have been a precious possession.—Yours, etc.,

London, S.W.1 E. M. FORSTER

Framework of the Future

Sir,—Commander Stephen King-Hall's political attitude, as revealed in his letter in THE LISTENER of February 22, is basically no different from that of extremist U.S. Senator Taft, who said recently: 'Our battle against communism is a world-wide battle and must be fought on the world stage'.

It apparently does not occur to either of these gentlemen that communist countries may object to having 'our' way of life imposed on them as much as we object to the idea of having communism imposed upon us. If we acquiesce in their deplorable attitude, the future can hold nothing but bloody and senseless war, each half of the world trying to 'liberate' another half which does not want to be 'liberated'.

And if 'we', as Commander King-Hall suggests with his all-embracing use of the plural, have never really believed in the right of each nation to determine its own government and way of life, then we must not complain of Russian 'intransigence' and 'hypocrisy'. For do we not still profess to support the United Nations Charter, the constitutional basis of which is the right of self-determination for every sovereign state?

Commander King-Hall's mortality is of the kind which applies to oneself but not to others. If we really accept the attitude he implies, how can there be any sincerity in our talk of a non-violent settlement with Russia and our desire for world peace? Or perhaps I have misunderstood

Commander King-Hall. Is he simply trying to be honest about the fact that we are hypocrites ourselves?—Yours, etc.,

Bristol

ROY HARRIS

Prague under Communism

Sir,—In his criticism of the broadcast on Czechoslovakia, Commander Young seizes on one obvious slip and follows up with a number of unproved statements, the latter including an alleged remark by Fierlinger which strains credulity. The crux of his letter lies in the assertion that the Czechs are now achieving 'real freedom' for the first time. This is a colossal untruth. That nation is now undergoing a decivilising process during which freedoms are being destroyed almost daily. Commander Young cannot deny that the communist regime has made it illegal to publish any book before the manuscript has passed through a series of censors, starting with the publisher's and ending with the Government's—all controlled by the Communist Party. He cannot deny that the freedom of the retail book trade (new and second-hand) has been destroyed by an extensive *index prohibitorum*. He dare not maintain in public debate that the Czechs now have free trade unions. He knows that freedom of association, of public assembly and of expression of views disapproved by the Government have been drastically reduced or abolished. The workers are not even free to refuse to participate in communist-organised demonstrations. What the Czechs have, in fact, achieved is not 'real freedom' but a regime so loathed by many of its subjects that more of them risk their lives to leave their native land than in any period of history Commander Young can name.

In addition to these freedoms, the Czechs have lost their national independence. By Moscow's peremptory command, even the pre-putsch Government had to cancel its acceptance of the invitation to attend the European conference on Marshall Aid, and now the country is being bled economically by its Russian masters.

Freedom! Unless Commander Young was writing with his pen in his cheek, he lacks even the beginning of an idea of its meaning.

Yours, etc.,

London, N22

C. A. SMITH

L'Ecole de Paris in Retrospect

Sir,—In his talk on the 'Ecole de Paris', Anthony Blunt follows in the wake of Douglas Cooper to launch an attack on abstract art. This time the complaint is not because the artist avoids 'proper' drawing or fails to use

* An appreciation of André Gide by John Russell appears on page 348.

oil paint, but because he refuses to illustrate the objects and events of the outside world.

May I be permitted to ask where the authority can be found, which cites this task as an *a priori* condition of painting, except in the mind of Professor Blunt? It is true that the museums are full of precedents in this respect; but are the museums the sole arbiters of art? The answer is clearly, no.—Yours, etc.,

London, S.E.3 VICTOR PASMORE

Sir,—Many visitors to the 'Ecole de Paris' exhibition at Burlington House will have felt grateful to Professor Anthony Blunt for his lucid exposition of the various movements which form the main stream of French painting since 1900. The need for brevity, however, appears to have led the Professor into one misleading statement.

Speaking of the Cubists, he submits that '... they challenged the principle that the artist must always depict what he can see from one particular point of view'. But the Cubists were by no means the first to do this, the post-impressionists, notably Van Gogh and Cézanne, having demonstrated some years before that this principle can at times be broken for the purpose of enhancing pictorial and dramatic effect.

The debt owed by Cubism to post-impressionism cannot in my opinion be stressed with too much vigour.—Yours, etc.,

London, S.W.4 A. H. FRANKS

Sir,—After an admirably lucid description of the various movements which make up the 'Ecole de Paris' Professor Blunt sums up by drawing conclusions which to a painter seem very wide of the mark. His argument that these movements lead to 'a steady tendency inwards in which the outer world is more and more ignored' is finally the argument of the Academicians, the I-know-what-I-like boys and the unalives generally.

The best work of Picasso and Braque—to name but two of the artists concerned—does of course imply a turning away from the direct invitation of the look of the outside world: but it also implies a turning towards a new and infinitely exciting relationship between ourselves and our environment—something which cannot possibly be called an escape into some ivory tower. Many of us find it impossible to experience fully the surroundings of town or country without reference (however unconscious) to the work of these artists: Is Professor Blunt himself able to register his excitement in the tractor-drawn plough driving its steel thorn into the hillside or the dramatic garishness of modern shopping streets or underground trams, with their extraordinary values of sharp contour and vivid colour, without associating them in some degree with the achievements of modern art?

At its finest the art created by the 'Ecole de Paris', far from turning its back on the visible world, illuminates the very essence of a given subject (taken from life) by isolating, and thereby stressing, those rhythms that held the strongest charge of meaning for the painter.

Yours, etc.,

Great Bardfield MICHAEL ROTHENSTEIN

Sir,—Professor Blunt, commenting on Surrealism in relation to the 'Ecole de Paris', speaks as though the Surrealist movement were simply a school of painting, a suggestion which leads him into a wholly erroneous analysis of the aims of Surrealism in painting. In fact, of course, the Surrealist movement was founded by a writer, André Breton, who wrote the first Manifesto of Surrealism in 1924; and a perusal of the Surrealists' original review, *La Révolution Surréaliste*, or any of its subsequent publications, will quickly establish the fact that Surrealism has been concerned with far wider issues than the simple formulation of a theory of art. The

Surrealists' consistent advocacy of automatism in painting and poetry, for instance, is by no means exclusive of other means of establishing a new concept of reality (Breton's theory of 'objective hazard' is certainly of equal importance in the general framework of Surrealist ideology). Surrealist painters have often used methods other than purely subconscious evocation to express this concept (Magritte, for one, has used a consciously controlled 'realistic' technique) and it is quite inaccurate to suggest, as does Professor Blunt, that Surrealism compels the artist to 'give up deliberately and completely the control of reason in the creation of a work of art'.

As regards Professor Blunt's description of Surrealism as a doctrine that 'whatever comes from the subconscious is worth while... provided reason does not interfere with the expression of it', and his assertion that Surrealism implies 'a steady tendency inwards, in which the outer world is more and more ignored', a brief acquaintance with any of the major writings of the Surrealists from 1924 right through to the present day produces a very different picture. It would be sufficient to recall simply Breton's statement in the first Manifesto of Surrealism: 'If the depths of our mind harbour unknown forces capable of augmenting or modifying the forces already on the surface, it is of the utmost importance to harness them, to harness them first in order to bring them later, where necessary, under the control of reason... I believe in the future transmutation of those two seemingly contradictory states, dream and reality, into a sort of absolute reality, or surreality, so to speak'.

This does not appear, to me at least, to be a message of escapism.—Yours, etc.,

London, S.W.10 SIMON WATSON TAYLOR

Flying Saucers

Sir,—Mr. Rosney asks if balloons were being sent up from India in the year 1926 when an observation of a large shiny oval object at a great altitude was made by an expedition in Tibet. The answer is in the affirmative. Meteorological balloons were sent up in India as far back as 1905. In 1926 they were being sent up regularly from the Upper Air Observatory of the Indian Meteorological Department at Agra. Even as early as 1916 one of these balloons was watched until it had reached a height of over 50,000 feet. It is therefore highly probable that the object mentioned by Mr. Rosney was a meteorological balloon released from Agra.

The distance from Agra to the Humboldt Chain is about 1,200 miles. The meteorological balloons used in Europe and America would usually burst long before they had drifted half that distance. But the balloons used in India were of a type which did not burst and consequently drifted for much longer times before coming to earth.

These upper air observations with balloons were started in India by the late J. H. Field, afterwards Director General of Indian Observatories. When I visited the Upper Air Observatory at Agra in 1937, I was much impressed by the veneration in which Mr. Field was held by the Indian Director of the observatory, Dr. Chatterji. Whenever I came to an instrument or device of special interest, Dr. Chatterji would tell me, in reverent tones, that it was due to Mr. Field.—Yours, etc.,

London, N.W.11 E. GOLD

Sir,—I should like to add my mite to the information which has recently appeared in these columns on two important subjects: to wit, fossils and flying saucers. The Greek Xenophanes, in the sixth century B.C., saw in the fossils of marine creatures far from the sea

proof of the former intermingling of his primal elements, earth and water: as they gradually separated, and the earth began to harden, it retained these imprints. In 100 B.C. there was seen in Italy at sunset one day, according to Julius Obsequens, in his book on prodigies (derived from Livy), 'a shield-like disc flying from west to east'. If this was not a flying saucer, what was it? A weather-balloon? Fiddlesticks!—Yours, etc.,

Oxford

J. D. P. BOLTON

Scientific Myths

(continued from page 339)

the observed motions of the comets, the planets and their satellites exactly, and without arbitrary assumptions.

The other criticisms he had no time for. Of course what he spoke of as 'gravity' was an extension of the everyday notion, and must be understood as such. But if one saw what he put the notion to, one would see that this extension was justified. And as for the question, whether his theory was 'atheistical' or no, even to ask this was to read into it things he had not said. The solar system could be none the less wonderful now that he had explained in a mathematical way how the planets moved. Let other people understand other things by 'gravity', let them argue about theological issues on their merits: his notion of 'gravity' would not be relevant, as anyone who understood it would recognise. Meanwhile, there was plenty within physics to keep him busy—plenty of genuinely scientific questions, which one could hope to answer by reference to the telescope or to an experiment. He could not find time to defend the notion of gravitation from other people's misunderstandings.

I hope you will see from this example what happens when we begin to use scientific terms, not to explain anything, but as the raw material of myth. Technical scientific notions taken by themselves have, as we saw, about as much meaning as isolated pieces taken out of a jig-saw puzzle. If we try to build out of such pieces a comprehensive 'world-view' of a philosophical kind, we are forgetting this fact, and treating them as though they were pieces of a single, cosmic jig-saw. Two difficulties arise at once. For, in the first place, you cannot get pieces taken from different puzzles to fit together at all, except by distorting them. And, in the second place, if I force them together in one way, and you in another, no one will be in any position to say that one or the other of the pictures we produce is the 'right' one.

Similar difficulties arise when physical or biological theories are appealed to in an attempt to solve problems in, for instance, ethical or political theory. And these will be something to look out for in my two subsequent talks when we look at the ways in which people have tried to build such pictures and solve such problems. For, to begin with, all the terms which are used—'entropy', 'evolution' or whatever they may be—get distorted in the process, and no longer keep the meaning they have in science proper. This fact alone shows the gulf between scientific myths and the theories whose notion they exploit. Furthermore, if two people appeal to the same scientific theory as backing for different 'world-views', or different political doctrines, how can we even set about choosing between them? Within science, you can at any rate prove your views in practice. But when we put scientific terms to non-scientific uses, this, the chief merit of a scientific approach, is lost. For all that experiment or observation can show, one scientific myth is as good as another.

—Third Programme

The 'Twenties—IV

The Frightening Pundits of Bloomsbury

By ALAN PRYCE-JONES

THE creative spirit of any age is a bad thing to define except from experience. I think, therefore, that you ought to know a little about my credentials for speaking about the nineteen-twenties at all. Well, I have neither time nor inclination to say much about myself: but I am going to ask you to let me take a single clue in my hands as a means of return to what it felt like to be young in the 'twenties.

Cold Chicken and Raymond Mortimer

I am in Gordon Square and it is about ten-thirty in the evening. I have an ordeal ahead. And to prepare for it, I have been through several most anxious hours. Should I wear my new suit with a hand-printed tie from Paris? Or should I look negligently assured in tweeds? Should I have my hair cut and sobered before the shops shut, or should I let it toss on one ear if the conversation should turn to exasperating subjects like Humbert Wolfe or Philip Guedalla? One is very self-conscious at twenty: and I was on my way to a supper-party. At any moment my hand would be on the bell. Heavens, it had rung, and I could not change my tie now, and I was on the stairs, and rather out of breath, and then in the presence—I can smell the warm air off the books round the room—in the presence of Lytton Strachey, Raymond Mortimer, a cold chicken and a bottle of champagne.

Is that all? you may ask. Don't all young men feel shy at the prospect of meeting people older and more remarkable, above all of people famous? That is not, however, the point. The point is that by 1929, when this little encounter occurred, a very special emanation was given off by the creative artists most typical of the decade. I remember, for instance, going at about the same time down to Boar's Hill to lunch with Robert Bridges. A formidable old person, yes: but quite differently so. He was not the kind of host to make you wonder whether your hair was properly cut. And very similarly I can contrast first impressions of William Walton and of Delius, of Lord Berners (but then, of course, *he* was unique) and of—well, say Hardy. In each case, the man of the 'twenties, although much nearer my own age, seemed to me to possess some quality which was far more demanding than the legendary figure of 'before the war'. Why? What was the quality? I think it was this: that during the 'twenties the creative spirit liked to wear an embattled look. It liked to keep on its toes, and to address itself to people who kept on theirs. I am not suggesting that all creation was in the hands of a single clique which imposed one single vision on its members. Of course it was not. But as soon as the war ended—even before, in fact—a cosy sensation of radiant intelligence became a normal requirement among the poets and the musicians. Hardy and Delius and Bridges might be intelligent, but they pulsed to a much slower rhythm. They did not, perhaps, feel so pressingly conscious of an expectant audience. Whereas the younger men were electric; and they had no time whatever for the very young unless they were electric too.

You can see this in the novels that were written. It is not easy today to be sure, on internal evidence, that *Those Barren Leaves* and *Vile Bodies* were both highly realistic pictures of life. But if you lived in the Huxley world, if you had taught, as he had, briefly at Eton, and stayed with clever friends in Oxfordshire and in Tuscany, you constantly saw people who spoke and behaved like Mrs. Aldwinkle and Mr. Calamy and Miss Spence. If you taught in private schools and dined out in London with an ear as sharp and an eye as sensitive as Evelyn Waugh's, there were Grimes and Lady Metroland large as life every day before you. Surely the essential fact about these people, and about their creators, is not that they were amusing, or original, or satiric, but that they were vibrant with life. The 'twenties had their faults, but they were alive—anxiously alive even. And at their best they brought a new force into art by getting more closely into step with life as it is felt and seen than ever before.

That is the secret of Virginia Woolf's novels. They turn the process of being alive into an ascertainable sensation. The tactile, the visual, the aural importance of the little things we pass our lives doing, are brought into the kind of perspective which a nineteenth-century writer would

have reserved for the great emotions. Somebody pokes the fire, or ladles out the soup at dinner, or watches a fly fall into the inkpot—and the perturbation set up by these fragments of experience is like falling in love or plotting a murder. Wherever you look in Virginia Woolf, or in Katherine Mansfield, or in Lawrence, you will find examples of this desire to adjust the proportions of art. After all, people don't only go about in the large way we accept in classical novels, dying of unhappy love, becoming consumptive, losing wills, finding the true heir to a peerage; they also poke newspapers under doors and spend an intense half-hour wondering whether to buy rabbit for dinner or a piece of fish.

The 'twenties concentrated on the extra reality given to art by this attention to little things. And that, I think, accounts not only for quite a lot of the novels, but also for many of the poems, the pictures, the pieces of music produced during the period. It also accounts for the rarity of large integrated works. For real life, if you put it under this kind of microscope, looks like a parcel of fragments set beside one another. Artists, in the 'twenties, faced this fact quite squarely. They wrote books like *Jacob's Room*, composed music like Satie's, and turned back, in poetry, to masters of the fragmentary like Laforgue. When they wanted to enlarge this scale, therefore, they intellectualised the process of enlargement: and so great artificial structures were built up like *Ulysses*, or the *Cantos* of Pound, or the tone rows of Schoenberg. It was part of the business of keeping alert. There could not be a minute of intellectual relaxation, since even pleasure was closely bound up with the functioning of the intellect. Perhaps that is why the very word 'amusing' took on a special hue during the 'twenties. It might be applied to Alexander Calder's first mobiles or to a new collage or to a strange piece of orchestration; but you would have got a very frigid stare if you had called anything amusing which implied mere relaxation—Theodore Hook's punning, for instance, or J. K. Stephen's good-natured verses.

But now we are getting into deep waters. I seem to be suggesting that there *was* some ruling clique which dictated what was to be admired and what rejected after the first war. Certainly there was a dominant faction, a kind of sixth-form with special privileges, special tuition, and a special sense of community. To the outside world it was called 'Bloomsbury', and it aroused a good deal of jealousy. But Bloomsbury was not really of the 'twenties. Its influence had been well established ten years earlier. And it was not at all a ruling clique. It merely gave a note, as a tuning-fork might. The individual members of our sixth-form gave A, so to speak, but had they required all tunes to be written in the key of A-major there would have been sharp protests from Wyndham Lewis, from the Sitwells, from scores of artists in different fields who were going their own ways quite unhampered by what went on in the neighbourhood of Gordon Square.

Bliss to Be Alive

I have said the artists of the 'twenties were very much on their toes, and I have implied that they were rather frightening. I think I can see now why this was so: it was not only because they were acutely conscious of daily life as a beautifully integrated process—of life as itself a work of art, if you will—but because they approximated all art to conversation. Arthur Bliss published a little premonitory piece of chamber music called 'Conversations' in 1919—and I do not think it is fanciful to detect in the next few years a kind of conversational air in each of the arts. Wasn't it part of the demand made by the artist of the 'twenties on his audience that the audience should quickly respond? The abstract painters, for example, who, following Continental masters, began to get talked about—weren't they involving the rest of the world in a long dialogue? English painting during the 'twenties was not particularly lively, but some of the most characteristic of it was meant to provoke dissent. It asked questions, and put up solutions rather as a possibility than as an affirmation. For that, I take it, is the role of abstract art. Here again, the 'amusing' played its part. And it is no good being amusing unless you presuppose someone to be amused. So that when painters embodied scraps of newspaper or old matchboxes in

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OF SWITZERLAND

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their pictures they were (in my metaphor) dragging the rest of us into conversation. And, of course, it had to be brilliant conversation. Just as the musician who wrote into his score a part for a typewriter, or the poet who relied on, say, Elizabethan overtones in his verse, were issuing a challenge. It had to be met. A conversation had to be started—rapid, allusive, elliptical. No wonder, then, we found the artists of the 'twenties rather frightening. For they never intoned or made decorative gestures; they never touched-in an easy rapture like Swinburne, or made pointed appeals to our nobler nature, like Elgar in his A-flat symphony. They would not, so to speak, stand over us in toga and buskin, as we had been taught to expect an artist to stand. No; they murmured suggestions. They insisted, 'Isn't it so?' and 'Don't you agree?' They brought us right inside their palace of art and openly revealed it to be nothing but a laboratory.

Little Fragments at the Cafe Royal

What went on in that laboratory was a series of processes far too complicated to be touched on in a few minutes' talk. Its extreme cosmopolitanism alone makes the different strands hard to define. For there were not only the great and settled ones like Picasso and Alban Berg and Pirandello, whose influence rippled outwards from Paris and Vienna and Rome, but there were armies of expatriates moving about, from Modigliani to Archipenko, from Stravinsky to Firbank. 'Isn't it so?' they were exclaiming, and 'Don't you agree?' in a dozen languages, with French as *lingua franca*. And sometimes they had their tongue in their cheek—think of Marcel Duchamp and Tristan Tzara, for instance. And sometimes they were deadly serious. In our own quiet island it was hard to be sure exactly what these cross, lively, passionate foreigners were up to. And so the boats were full of outgoing travellers—of English artists leaving for Paris and Berlin and Amalfi, and even China and Japan. I don't suppose there has been any period in modern times when nationalism hampered the creative spirit less than in the 'twenties. The success of Poulenc's ballet, 'Les Biches', and the latest *bon-mot* of Cocteau at Villefranche, and the Berlin gramophone records of 'Jonny spielt auf' and Reinhardt's plans for enlarging the Salzburg festival: all these little fragments were embedded in the ordinary talk of the Cafe Royal.

And as if the artists of the time didn't feel their day full enough with the need of knowing what went on all over Europe, they constantly trespassed on the other arts as well. They even practised them, as Lawrence practised painting, or Berners turned from painting to music and back again; or they shifted their ground for good, as John Piper abandoned poetry for painting. So—to go back for an instant to Gordon Square—if I felt shy and ineffective in the presence of Lytton Strachey and Raymond Mortimer it was partly because there was so little chance of getting away with an inadequacy. Had I been visiting Bagehot, for instance, or Saintsbury, I could have foreseen the range of the conversation, more or less. But in the memorable houses of the 'twenties the visitor could count on no such luck. He might be tackled on Bonnard or on the meaning of meaning: he could be knocked like a ping-pong ball from Diderot to a spicy piece of Venetian gossip. He must know as much about the double fugue in Stravinsky's 'Symphony of Psalms' as about Arp, and stick to his own opinion of Augusten china after thoughtfully conceding a point over Jeremy Bentham's panopticon. One minute he would be talking about Gladstone to dear, brilliant Francis Birrell—the saddest loss of all that decade because he died with so much still to do—the next, he would be plunged into a quarrel of Robert Byron's over the origins of the Byzantine dome. Or he would be drawn into talk about a remarkable young man, known to everybody else in the room but not to him; K. Clark his name seemed to be—and he had apparently just discovered something called the Gothic revival. Well, you see how competitive all this was, how high-pressured, how knowing. That is the least attractive side of the 'twenties in retrospect. Unless they were stern self-disciplinarians, artists found themselves in the dilemma of the Red Queen. They had to run all out in order to stay in the same place, and so they had no reserves of energy to forward their advance.

Talking and travelling and squabbling filled the golden years before the slump; in those days there seemed still to be plenty of time—or perhaps it is only that I was young myself then and so there really was plenty of time. But this is the strange thing. Although the surface of the 'twenties twinkled so brightly that superficial observers there and then saw nothing else, beneath this surface vigorous movements were taking place day in, day out. It is an extraordinary tribute to the persistence of those who made a lasting change in our national attitude to the arts

that they should have gone on their own course in spite of all kinds of distractions and, worse, misrepresentations. At that time Eliot was generally thought of as the serious, still-promising writer of *The Sacred Word*, who had written a certain number of odd poems—'amusing' poems, in our limited use of that word, but scarcely more. The Sitwells were practical jokers, Lawrence was obscene. Virginia Woolf was a feminist who wrote 'difficult' novels. But none of these were swayed by such absence of critical understanding; and immediately behind them a fresh generation was sheltering, the generation which from 1930 onwards had things more or less its own way.

Would Benjamin Britten have come to the fore as soon as he did without Frank Bridge? Would Dylan Thomas have made so quick a mark without the familiarity which, by the end of the decade, greeted the rhythms and the imagery of Edith Sitwell? And the painters and sculptors—Henry Moore or Graham Sutherland—would they at once have excited a generation not previously taught by Frank Dobson and Matthew Smith? I rather doubt it. And yet I doubt, too, if the example of the 'twenties has been sufficiently noticed. It was the latest period in our history when the creative spirit worked freely and often, just for the fun of it—and sometimes just for the devil of it. That attitude had its drawbacks: it accounts for some rather tinselly glitter and for a too easy irony. But then you must remember that each of the arts was in a state of revolution: experiments of every kind were in the air, and conventions were being carried away on a spring tide of high feeling. It was peace, wasn't it; and a new world was being called into being; and artists everywhere were going to step into the kind of inheritance which had been hinted at by Morris and Matthew Arnold as something too good to be practicable. The Philistines were on the run at last. . . . That was the hope of the nineteen-twenties. It didn't come off. It was too good to be true. But even now, if I walk through Gordon Square and my eye strays to No. 37, or if I sort through some old music and tumble upon the Stravinsky 'Rag-Time' with its cover by Picasso; and if the thumbled and dusty little books of verse published about 1925 are brought down, with the yellow or magenta dust-covers still bright-coloured on the inner sides; if I play certain gramophone records—and remember Hindemith taking the solo part in Walton's Viola Concerto, for instance—I like to think that I am old enough to recall at first hand something of the decade of enterprise and good craftsmanship, when one was slightly afraid of one's elders. It is comforting still to be assured years after that they had really possessed something to be afraid of.

—Third Programme

A Man with a Field

If I close my eyes I can see a man with a load of hay
Cross this garden, guiding his wheelbarrow through the copse
To a long, low green-house littered with earthenware, glass and clay,
Then prop his scythe near the sycamore to enter it, potted with seeds,
And pause where chrysanthemums grow, with tomatoes' dragonish beads.

Stooping to fasten the door, he turns on the path which leads
To his rain-pitted bedroom of cellos, and low jugs catching the drops.

If I open my eyes I see this musician-turned-ploughman, slow,
Plainly follow his tractor vibrating beneath blue sky,
Or cast his sickle wide, or reach full-length with the hoe,
Or blame the weather that set its blight on a crop or a plan
To mend his roof, or cut back trees where convolvulus ran,
Or attend to as many needs as the holes in a watering-can:
He would wait for the better weather; it had been a wet July.

This year his field lay fallow; he was late putting down his seed.
Cold December concealed with a sighing surplice of snow
His waste of neglected furrows, overgrown with mutinous weed.
Dark, bereaved like the ground, I found him feeble and sick,
And cold, for neither the sticks nor his lamp with a shrunken wick
Would light. He was gone through the wicket. His clock continued
to tick,
But it stopped when the new flakes clustered on an empty room below.

VERNON WATKINS

André Gide: 1869-1951

By JOHN RUSSELL

ANDRÉ GIDE* was always more discussed than read. The discussion was not often directly about his works; nor was it usually prompted by careful perusal of anything that he had really written. It raged in a sort of intermediate ether; and he himself viewed it with the consummate wryness for which his features were so ideally designed. His was a different, a Stendhalian ambition: 'I want nothing but this', he wrote in March 1903, 'that one day a young man of my age and my quality should be moved, when he reads me, and *made anew* as I still am, at the age of thirty, when I read the *Souvenirs d'Egotisme*'.

Even in death, however, Gide has not been able to escape from current controversy. The French Left has saluted him as a cadaver; the French Right, as a monster of impiety. Let us for the moment rather regard him as a prodigious human being—one worthy of the same punctilious interest that he brought, many years ago, to the *phoenixopterus antiquorum* in the Jardin des Plantes. In his person, André Gide was not much above middle height, but vigorous and compact. With nothing of that straggling vagueness which afflicts so many writers, he resembled rather some intricate piece of naval equipment which can be turned in a moment and trained upon any quarter of the compass. In later life the extremes of his nature were disguised behind a generalised and often impenetrable courtesy; this did not, however, conceal from the perceptive visitor the fact that Gide was not only the poet of sustained ecstasy but also—notably in *Isabelle* and on many pages of the *Journal*—the unsurpassed analyst of boredom. A grave elegance was diffused by the Scottish tweeds, the English foulards, and the monkish caps and berets which comprised the fundamentals of his costume. In conversation, his methods derived in part from the Socratic dialogues and in part, perhaps, from the ancient formulas of the confessional; and those whom he suspected of having nothing to contribute were sometimes deceptively honoured by the loan of a diminutive game of skill; not all seized the point of this characteristic attention.

Upon his English friends Gide lavished a patient and ever-curious affection, which betrayed itself equally in the sloped graces of his exemplary pothooks and in the memorable bourdon of his voice as he sat beneath his death-mask of Keats or hovered, in some transport of solicitude, above the tortuous coils of the Parisian telephone. His voice contributed much to the grandeur of his presence; so striking was its resonance that it might have been thought to proceed not from an ordinary larynx but from some Virgilian *antrum* or a closed urn of the Hallstatt period. Rarely since the time of Dickens can any writer have read aloud to such effect. Those who heard him read his *Enfant Prodigue*, for instance, will never forget how the unending first sentence, which runs to more than half a page of print, was as if breathed into the room by some long effort of divination; and when he turned to the *Caves du Vatican* the performance took on an element

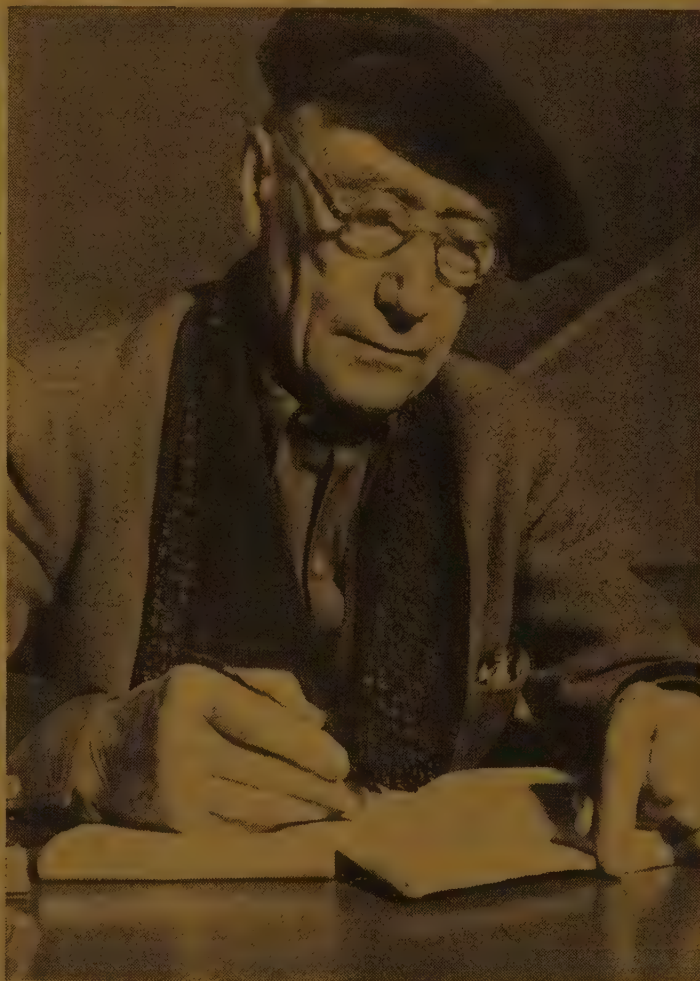
of invigorating mischief which even the best-actors of the Comédie Française have since proved unable to counterfeit.

In English literature he moved with the ease of a freeman. (In the last thirty years of his life he owed much of this ease to his friendship with one of the most remarkable Englishwomen of her generation: Madame Dorothy Bussy.) 'Every time I take another plunge into

English literature', he noted in November 1940, 'it is with intense pleasure. What variety! And what abundance! This is the literature whose disappearance would most impoverish humanity'. Such a statement, at such a moment in history, might be no more than a formal expression of allegiance; but Gide was not a person who forced his opinions. When he copied out a passage from Donne's *Divine Poems*, or likened the dull patches in *Beauchamp's Career* to the impassable brushwood that borders a tributary of the Congo, it was done with the conscientious passion that informed every one of his actions; and the gamut of his English preferences ranged from *Arden of Feversham* to *Hindoo Holiday*. English life appeared to him, however implausibly, in the guise of a continual masque of pleasure; and in his relations with such minor eminences of his time as Housman and Edmund Gosse he preserved an attitude of humorous bafflement which was only enhanced by the vicissitudes of personal acquaintance.

He was undoubtedly more interested in England than the English were interested in him. But, even so, it is difficult for those who know and value his work to identify him with the grotesque effigies which have recently been erected in the obituary columns of several great English newspapers. That one of these should refer to 'the novel *Corydon*' is no doubt one of the incidental hazards of ignorance; but that the greatest of all should refer to his doctrines as 'simply an endorse-

ment of escapism' is something which could only occur in Voltaire's 'kingdom of cant'. It is also something which Gide answered for the hundredth time in the last of his books—*Feuillets d'Automne*. What he demanded was nothing less than that man should learn 'to exact from himself, by virtue alone, what he now believes to be exacted by God'. 'He must learn to do it', Gide went on. 'A few must learn, at any rate, to begin with; if they don't the game will be lost'. If this is escapism, it has much to recommend it.



André Gide at the age of seventy-eight

An Autobiography by Anthony Trollope is the latest volume in the Crown Edition of Trollope's works published by Cumberlege (Oxford University Press, 15s.). This volume contains a preface by Frederick Page and the illustrations have been chosen by John Johnson. The two newest additions to Robert Hale's 'County Books' Library (15s. each) are *East London*, by Robert Sinclair, and *The Shetland Isles*, by Andrew T. Clunes. The three first volumes are now ready of Dent's uniform edition of the works of W. H. Hudson: *The Purple Land* (which contains a hitherto unpublished portrait of Hudson at the age of twenty-five), *A Hind in Richmond Park*, and *Nature in Downland*. The books cost 7s. 6d. each.

* A personal tribute to André Gide by E. M. Forster appears in our correspondence columns on page 343

The Listener's Book Chronicle

Warrior Without Weapons

By Marcel Junod. Cape. 12s. 6d.

THIS IS A PAINFUL BOOK to read and yet a book which ought to be read. It paints a terrifying picture of the four horsemen of the Apocalypse in their mad gallop through Abyssinia, Greece, Spain, Germany and Russia, to their final appointment in Hiroshima, and one is tempted to avert one's eyes and read no more. We see all the cruelty, the stupidity and the worse than bestial in human nature on one side, and on the other a small and scattered band of Red Cross workers attempting to alleviate the sufferings of millions of unhappy human beings. 'The odds are too great', we murmur to ourselves, 'and there is so little they can do'. But we are mistaken, for gradually, by dint of doggedness, by endless patience and by refusing to take 'No' for the final answer, the warriors without weapons succeed in forming little centres of order in the welter of chaos that has been produced by war. The shooting of hostages and the counter-shootings on the opposing side become fewer in Spain, lists of prisoners are provided by the military authorities, and exchanges of prisoners are arranged. The sick at last receive some form of treatment, a few food ships drop anchor in Greece, the torturing of prisoners is now done only on the quiet and Red Cross parcels arrive at far distant prisoners' camps.

This story of the efforts of the International Red Cross Society to bring help to thousands of individual men and women in a world dominated by fear and violence is told with a quiet modesty and unusual ability by Dr. Junod, one of its representatives. Dr. Junod writes with the same detachment which attended his actions while moving between the various combatants, when he would spend perhaps one week in Rome and then journey through Berlin, Athens, Moscow and London. His silences speak as eloquently as his statements. 'The International Red Cross would have done better not to have interfered', said Marshal Badoglio to its representative when he reached Addis-Ababa. Dr. Junod made no reply, for only by remaining completely impartial could he hope to gain his humanitarian ends. Yet inwardly he could never forget the suffering of his fellow men and in the final chapters of his intensely moving book, he makes a plea for the cause he serves:

I can see . . . the Abyssinians seared by the burns of mustard gas helplessly crying 'Abiet' to their Emperor in the heavy night of the Abyssinian jungle. I can see Semprebene in his cell fearfully awaiting the morning of his execution, and the children of Bilbao stretching out their arms to Maria Olazabal. I can see thousands of children suffering the pangs of hunger—in Poland as well as in Greece. I see the civilian internees of Larissa, and the Russian prisoners of war under the whip of the German Feldwebel. I see the camp at Mukden with the bowed backs of its slaves, and the camp at Omori with the American airmen blinded by the unaccustomed light of day. And I see the horror rising from the white desert which was once the thriving town of Hiroshima.

Warrior Without Weapons has already been published in French, German, Dutch and Swedish; its appearance here is to be welcomed.

Birds and Men. By E. M. Nicholson.

New Naturalist Series. Collins. 21s.

Two remarkable changes in bird life in the past half-century have been the disappearance of the corncrake from counties where it was formerly common, and the growth in numbers and range of the starling. Both are treated by

Mr. Nicholson in this valuable study of the impact of civilisation on the birds of towns and villages, farms and gardens; and his methods in these two instances reveal his quality as a leading research worker. The common explanation of the corncrake's decline is that it is due to modern agricultural routine and machines; but Mr. Nicholson frankly declares that we really do not know enough about the conditions of successful breeding for the species to trace causes at all.

His starling chapter is full and lively, though not very hopeful on the side of dealing with city roosts in London and Birmingham. Why is it, he asks, that a bird so strongly social so consistently checks any tendency to social nesting. The dispossession of woodpeckers by starlings and house martins by house sparrows are part of the evidence for one of Mr. Nicholson's conclusions, that 'the more handicaps can be placed on the few dominant species and the more the disadvantages of other species can be abated the richer and better balanced our avifauna is likely to be'; but when it comes to checks on dominances he insists that they must be preceded by full knowledge.

It is fair to claim, as the editors of the series do in their preface, that when many of the gaps which the author indicates have been filled by the research he has done so much to inspire, his book 'will still be read and quarried for facts and conclusions by the next generation of ecologists and field naturalists'. Its value is enhanced by 83 pictures, of which no less than 42 are colour photographs; by many charming observations (a jackdaw chuckling on No. 10 Downing Street during a Cabinet meeting, and a goldfinch perched on the headstone of Gilbert White's grave at Selborne); and by some passages, notably on the lapwing, which are worthy of the master writers of natural history.

The Forties. By Alan Ross.

Weidenfeld and Nicolson. 21s.

It was a good idea to make a nineteen-forties scrapbook, though whether the intelligent reader will prefer this ready-made collection to one of his own choosing is another matter. 'Girls in short hair with tiny breasts and three-quarter length trousers spoke to us in voices that were no more than undertones of the heat', Mr. Ross writes nostalgically at one point, and this is so manifestly untrue for most of us that we turn away and examine our own memories. Perhaps it is for just this kind of provocation that the book is worth buying. It is a large, handsome volume of photographs. The aim has not been, it seems, to make anything like a complete record of the decade. In the words of the editorial note, the idea has been to 'preserve atmosphere', and, in particular, the atmosphere of London. In neat and glossy contradiction of the times the photographs range from that familiar one by Cecil Beaton of smoke and City churches framed by a ruined arch, to film 'stills' and the more obvious newspaper photographs: a land-girl ploughing, a commando scratching his cheek, an allotment holder digging for victory. There is a picture gallery of eminent writers. There are reproductions of paintings and drawings by Sutherland, Moore, Piper, and others. There are fashion plates and political cartoons.

Although Mr. Ross is given as the author he is, in fact, only responsible for an impressionistic commentary of about 15,000 words. And here lies the disappointment. He is not the first poet to under-estimate the difficulties of writing prose. His essay lacks shape. Time and again he rushes

through the decade, from phoney war to phoney peace, only to dart back and pick up some important thread he has forgotten. The style is pretentious and there is always the threat of a mixed metaphor. 'Isolated figureheads remain only as insignia marking the great underlying tendencies', he cheerfully writes. It is hard to set a name to the peculiar infelicity of such sentences as this: 'Nancy Mitford played frivolously and ambiguously on the organ of the upper-classes in *Love in a Cold Climate*'.

The defects of the writing are all the greater pity because Mr. Ross has many of the qualities that would have made an intelligent and sensitive assessment of the period possible. More than most of us he is aware of what was going on in the arts during the forties; he has a memory for the changes of mood, for the different kinds of hope and boredom and fear; his range of sympathies is sufficiently wide to respond to Mr. Eliot's *Four Quartets* as well as to Gabrielle Brune singing in a frothy, organdie dress at the Mayfair. In spite of an occasional light cynicism there is a seriousness that never degenerates into self-pity, and above all he has a personal vision that can agreeably be shared by most of us. There is, in brief, sufficient quality of mind at work for this to be said with confidence: that whatever Mr. Ross has failed to do in this book he has at least succeeded in demonstrating that it is of a kind singularly difficult to write.

A West-India Fortune

By Richard Pares. Longmans. 21s.

Professor Pares begins with a warning that we are still mostly 'talking about the history of economic policy, not about economic history'—for want of the facts. British Colonial history suffers especially from this defect for in its field, conspicuously, 'the efforts of society have usually counted for much, those of the rulers, comparatively speaking, for little'. Here at any rate is 'a well but unobtrusively documented' account of the West Indian sugar industry from which both scholars and the general reader will get light as well as sound instruction. The book sticks to its text, it is the story of one family's activities; but covering as it does the sweep of years from 1686 to 1850 (and no less for being concerned almost entirely with one small island, Nevis), it so pin-points the individual actors as to bring into focus the characteristics of West Indian society, not to say its peculiar 'way of life'.

Azariah, the founder of the Pinney fortune, came of a solid Dorset family, nonconformist yet land-owning, whose interest availed to save him the worst consequences of joining Monmouth's Rebellion. In 1686 he set out for Nevis, an exile certainly, but not a bond servant as he might have been. He landed with his Bible, and perhaps £15, in his pocket; suffering shipwreck by the way he probably lost the few gallons of sack and brandy provided for the voyage, and in truth it was pretty obviously the Puritan strain in him that helped him to take the chances that offered in those days in islands where steady young fellows were not too plentiful. Starting modestly as a factor or agent, at first for Pinneys at Home, he soon built up a local business, and before his death in 1719 had acquired a sugar estate which a few years later had the respectable book value of £23,000. For two generations the Pinneys were absentees, till in 1764 a great-grand nephew, luckily adopted as heir, came out to tidy up the mess that inevitably resulted. This John Pinney, 'the second founder of the fortune' (and here very graphically painted),

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PUTNAM

toiled in Nevis for more years than he had hoped or intended, but he returned at last in 1783 to found a business in Bristol. This 'House', beginning as sugar 'factors', came to deal more and more exclusively in sugar finance. John Pinney himself would fain have been done with West Indian land and lending, but his own established interests forbade (and doubtless also the high rate of interest!). It remained for his sons to fight after his death in 1819 to repatriate all they could of their West Indian capital—to save it from being engulfed in (and perhaps in fact helping to hasten) the ruin of the sugar industry.

The carefully detailed analysis of the Pinney record of planting, and especially of sugar finance, is illuminating. After the earliest years, 'when the moral atmosphere was that of a gold rush', the planters were always living on the industry's past, always hoping for another 'boom' even when the gold was giving out. Personal extravagance may have been one result. Another was a characteristic large-heartedness; but this saddled most estates with such charges as annuities in favour of the old ladies of the family, gravely complicating the financing of the crop. Finance, it must be observed, mattered more than capital. In those days mills were small and cheap, and the chief capital outlay was for the purchase of slaves; markets on the other hand were distant two or three months' sail, crops were uncertain, and prices variable, and all the time expenses had to be met. Inevitably the spare cash of people like the Pinneys was called upon to help neighbours through their difficulties, and so there came about a piling up of second and even third mortgages, on estates whose very titles in those sketchily administered and ill-surveyed colonies were often in dispute. In the end creditors could recoup themselves only by taking over more estates—more in truth than they could manage efficiently.

Of the slave majority it can only be said that their high value as (mortgageable) property often got them some of the care and consideration they needed, so long as the owners or even the mortgagees were financially able to secure this. But the book illustrates especially the strength and also the weakness of the white planter society. There is a word to be said even for the absentee: children, sent home at great expense for the education that was unobtainable in the islands, being apt to carry lavish ideas with them and sow much wild oats, parents frequently followed to keep a rein on them. The penalties of such absenteeism were the heavier for the pleasant reason that islanders, like some quarrelsome families, had a characteristic way of standing together against absent creditors. The family feeling was so strong that even the hard-headed John Pinney liked to know his customers personally, and often lent money almost from love—besides which he sent much good money after bad in his efforts to keep the debtor from total collapse. The end of the story is not so pleasant: a vast proportion of the slave compensation money, voted by Parliament to save the sugar industry from collapse, found its way straight into the pockets of absentee creditors now fully domiciled in England. This is a very helpful book.

Camille Desmoulins, and Other Studies of the French Revolution. By J. B. Morton. Werner Laurie. 13s. 6d.

Mr. Morton has by this time a number of books to his credit on the Revolutionary and Napoleonic period. His new volume lacks the unity of those that preceded it, and may rather be termed a series of historical footnotes, in the manner of Lenôtre's well-known *Vieilles maisons, vieux papiers*. Indeed several of these studies, notably those on Fouquier-Tinville and Théroigne de

Méricourt, recall Lenôtre's methods, though it may be thought that the French language and approach lend themselves better to this *genre* than anything equivalent in English. The most important essays are those on Desmoulins, Mirabeau and Barnave, for here there is an attempt to summarise a political career as well as a personality: Mr. Morton has the 'feel' of the Revolution in him, and his interpretations can be trusted. The only criticism a historian might make is that he assumes too much knowledge of the background: he has not had to lecture, only to write, and does not quite realise how many things that historians take for granted are obscure to the ordinary reader.

The first essay on Mirabeau, dealing with his matrimonial entanglements, is fairly balanced by the second, describing his 'attempt to save the monarchy': it is a pity that 'The marriage of Talleyrand' was not followed by another giving some account of his real services to his country, too often overlooked even by historians who lay less stress on his private weaknesses. The same lack of balance might be urged against the treatment of Saint-Just. But here, and in the essay on Théroigne de Méricourt, Mr. Morton is concerned with solving biographical puzzles; and his solution is at least as good as anyone's. Though he supplies no bibliography, it is evident from time to time that he has read most of the relevant authorities. There is a small slip on the last page: 'Professor' (really 'Mr.') Thompson's remarks on the Heidenstam documents were made after, not before, the publication of Prof. Söderhjelm's book; he was not one of the critics who demanded a scientific examination of the letters.

Citizenship and Social Class and Other Essays. By T. H. Marshall. Cambridge. 10s. 6d.

'Citizenship', writes Professor Marshall, 'is a status bestowed on those who are full members of a community. All who possess the status are equal with respect to the rights and duties with which the status is endowed', 'Social class, on the other hand, is a system of inequality'. What then happens when there is an enrichment of the stuff of which citizenship is made, and an increase in the number of those on whom the status is bestowed?

This is the question Professor Marshall examines in the essay on 'Citizenship and Social Class', which is based on two lectures delivered in Cambridge in connection with the Alfred Marshall foundation. It is an extremely distinguished piece of work. He divides citizenship into three 'parts or elements': civil, political and social. Civil rights to liberty of the person, freedom of speech, and the making of contracts were established in the course of the eighteenth century, political rights in the nineteenth, and we are now engaged in developing social rights, which are the most disturbing of all to the general fabric of society.

The granting of civil rights is compatible with the economic inequalities of capitalism. Some of them, indeed, are necessary to the development of the capitalist system. Political rights, too, need not disturb the class hierarchy. Social rights, however, the right to a certain standard of living, free medical attention, and free educational opportunity are a very different matter.

At first sight it might appear that the extension of social rights will of necessity lead to a conversion of the skyscraper of class difference into a bungalow, as Professor Marshall puts it. But, he asks, are there no limits to the drive towards social equality? His answer is most illuminating. In some ways, he suggests, social rights may be the 'architects of inequality'. You extend the rights to education to everyone, for example, but in the end only a few can benefit

from 'higher education' and it is essential that there should be enough people to perform those tasks in the community which do not require elaborate training. Again, in order to provide incentives you may have to provide a different standard of life for different jobs, though you will, of course, insist on a generous minimum. On the other hand, by granting legal aid on a means-test basis, you run the risk of creating a class privilege. Something can be done by removing hereditary advantages, but the question still remains: if there are different standards of living, can you ensure equality of opportunity in reality as well as on paper?

These and many others are the topics discussed in Professor Marshall's essay and he has added for good measure his article on 'Social Class', which appeared in the *Sociological Review* in 1934—a masterpiece of careful analysis—an article on 'The Nature of the Class Conflict', and a study of 'The Recent History of Professionalism in relation to Social Structure and Social Policy'.

The Victorians. An anthology chosen by Geoffrey Grigson. Routledge. 12s. 6d.

An anthology of things Victorian is almost bound to develop both the fascination and the boredom of a junk-shop. The miscellaneousness of the age, whenever it is closely inquired into, begins to defeat the sense of values. Mr. Grigson's anthology of verse and prose is specifically one of word-painting, and the virtues of Victorian word-painting, like those of the painting itself, were based on the twin defects of moral and physical myopia. What an age of peeping and peering it was—of marvelling at nature and the microscope, of muddled excitement, ending in a rather uneasy, hypocritical despair. It was, one begins to feel, an age of discovery which continually tried to conceal its discoveries from itself with a multitude of small, exciting finds.

The anthology begins with the hearty thirties and forties, and ends with the last flowering of aestheticism, with Patience and Oscar Wilde, and the entry of Yeats and Kipling. Inevitably the atmosphere thickens towards the middle, but one sees how the apparent muddle was a case of incompatibilities. What possible moral or aesthetic bridge could be built to connect Pater, George Eliot and Cardinal Newman? By comparison, a Golden Age must seem boringly uniform. There are no gulfs between Bossuet and Racine, between La Rochefoucauld, Molière and La Fontaine.

Basically this is a collection of poetry, but the prose is as much a continuation as a comment—and it was, *par excellence*, an age in which poetry overflowed into prose and vice versa. Poetically, it might be called the age of the pathetic fallacy, to use Ruskin's phrase. Poetry *had* to be about the bereft or the bewitched—and what benumbing of which faculties did this involve? It might all be a prolonged degeneration from 'La Belle Dame Sans Merci' and 'Mariana'. The two poems are only twenty years apart. Failing magic, poetry *had* to be domestically tragic, or at least domestic—a prolonged outgrowth, one might say, from the idylls of Wordsworth. The pathetic fallacy seems to accumulate and swell, with High Tides and Forsaken Mermen—until it is quietly punctured at last by Carroll's poem about the bereft badger and the forlorn mother herring—

'I fear', said she. 'Your sons have gone astray.
My daughters left me while I slept'.
'Yes'm', the badger said, 'It's as you say.
They should be better kept'.
Thus the poor parents talked the time away,
And wept, yea, wept and wept!

Mr. Grigson includes Carroll's poem without

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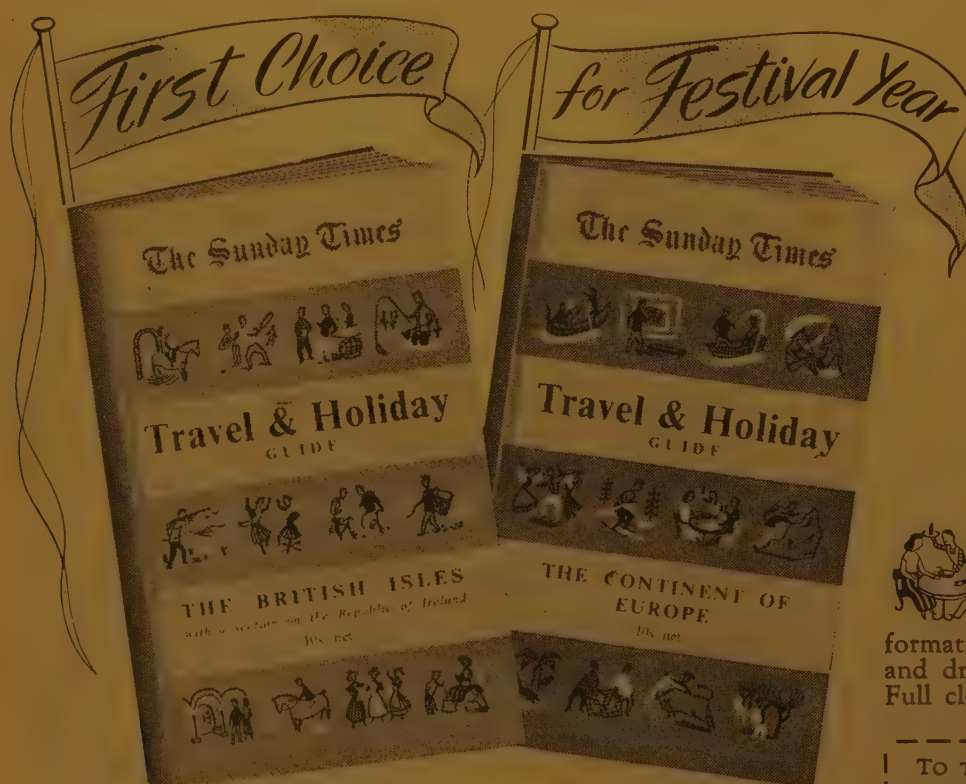
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comment. Intent as he is on exploring the Victorian cellar, he does not ignore the chinks of light. He inserts, for instance, a full and annihilating critique of Pre-Raphaelite painting by Taine—and it is hard not to see how much of this criticism can be extended to the word-painting too. The editor hovers between love of the geological and naturalistic bric-a-brac he has collected, and criticism of it as poetry. It is difficult, when picking over the junk-shop, not to make finds, and overestimate them accordingly. We are told that a certain image of the 'moon-drawn deep' 'should be enough to make famous' a poem by one James Smetham. Here, without comment, is the image:

Her eyes weep ever, and her quivering lip,
Restless with sorrow, whitens rounds the world.
In an age when values were so jumbled, it is irresistible to grub about for fresh ones. Recent attempts have been made to dislodge Browning and Tennyson, and instal Barnes or Hawker, the ever-phallic Patmore or the high-sprung Hopkins in their places. Mr. Grigson pronounces Barnes a classic. On the evidence here produced, Barnes is a much lesser poet than Hardy. And on Hopkins one can only comment how well, how much too well—for his present eminence—he fits in with the hedgerow poetry of his day. Can the term 'classic' be seriously applied to any Victorian poetry? Well, perhaps it was

the classic age of comic verse. The editor's generous extracts from Carroll and Lear, from Gilbert and the anonymous, tempt one to think so. But was the comic poetry ever serious enough? After all, the 'Rape of the Lock' is a comic poem, and Pope 'one hardly dares suggest it) was a greater poet than Carroll or Lear.

But the value of this collection as a whole does not depend on the editor's or anyone else's valuation of the items in themselves. Its value in entertainment, conjecture and comparison may be endless. One must turn back to read Lear and Thomson (of the City of Dreadful Night) side by side and admire the weird light they throw on each other once again.

Dostoevsky and Holy Russia

The Diary of a Writer. By F. M. Dostoevsky. Translated by Boris Brasol. 2 volumes. Cassell. 50s.

THE *Diary of a Writer* was a personal news-sheet in which Dostoevsky, during the last years of his life, gave vent to his ideas on politics, society and religion, and published several autobiographical sketches and imaginative tales of great beauty. It has previously been available to western readers only in Jean Chuzeville's French version of 1927, so that Boris Brasol's translation is a piece of commendable pioneer work.

The *Diary* started in 1873 as a series of articles in a monthly journal, *The Citizen*, which Dostoevsky edited for a year. *The Citizen's* proprietor, Prince Meshchersky, was a snob *littérateur* who later became known as a shady backstairs counsellor to Nicholas II. The editorship secured Dostoevsky an income of 250 roubles a month, together with an extra fee for his articles, and inaugurated his short-lived career as political prophet and confidant of the Imperial court. In particular, it drew him into close relations with the well-known obscurantist, Constantine Pobedonostsev, who was later to play a prominent role in the propagation of Great Russian Orthodoxy among the minority populations as Procurator of the Holy Synod.

In 1874, Dostoevsky gave up his editorship. His resignation was caused by Meshchersky's insistence on inserting an article advocating government dormitories for university students, where they might be kept under police surveillance. None the less, his contacts with Pobedonostsev and the court circle did not lapse. *The Diary of a Writer* was revived as a separate feuilleton in 1876 and undoubtedly helped substantially to rouse popular ardour for the cause of the Balkan Slavs in their struggle against the Turks. The author of *The Possessed*, formerly abused as an enemy of the aspirations of Russian youth, now found himself at the head of a movement of patriotic enthusiasm. *The Diary*, managed personally by Dostoevsky's wife, sold four thousand copies in 1876 and six thousand the following year, and exerted an influence out of proportion to its circulation. Dostoevsky's ill-health, and preoccupation with *The Brothers Karamazov*, obliged him to discontinue publication at the end of 1877, but it was revived in 1880 to include the great speech on Pushkin in which the reputation of both poet and novelist attained a new splendour.

Moderation and cool judgment were not characteristic of Dostoevsky at any time, and his journalistic success too often ran away with him. His predilection for an extreme brand of dynamic Orthodoxy led him to defend various lost causes and untenable positions. Slavdom and religion became quite confused and intermingled in his writings. In criticising the jury system introduced by Alexander II, for example, he

assumed an obstructive attitude which quite fails to accord with his often restated admiration for the probity and judgment of ordinary Russian people. But the dominant reason for his objections, which he shared with Pobedonostsev, was that juries smacked of decadent Europe, being an innovation brought in by 'the last Mohicans of theoretical Russian Europeanism'. Leaving aside the question of the suitability of the system to Russian conditions, a student of Dostoevsky must be impressed by the relevance of the real court cases discussed in the *Diary* to a number of episodes in *The Brothers Karamazov*, notably the trial scene. And his intervention on behalf of ill-treated children is fully worthy of the humanitarian who wrote *Poor Folk* and *The Humiliated and Insulted*.

In his discussions of the great questions of foreign policy, Dostoevsky evinced an almost pathological hostility towards Western Europe. The *Diary* is full of diatribes against the Papacy, which he regarded as the progenitor of French socialism and the instigator of a vast Jesuit plot against Holy Russia. Some of his outbursts rather remind one of an episode at the Papal Legation in Paris when Dostoevsky, kept waiting for a visa to Rome while the Apostolic Delegate took coffee, rushed towards Monsignore's room shouting: *Je veux cracher dans son café!* He was convinced that European civilisation, sapped by French atheism and 'Yiddishers' like Lord Beaconsfield (whom he compared to a tarantula), was about to crash:

... All great powers in Europe will be destroyed for the simple reason that they will be worn out and undermined by the unsatisfied democratic tendencies of an enormous portion of their lower-class subjects—their proletarians and paupers. In Russia, this cannot happen: our demos is content and, as time goes on, it will grow even more content. ... And therefore there will remain on the continent but one colossus—Russia. This will come to pass, perhaps even much sooner than people think. The future of Europe belongs to Russia.

In his zeal for the Slav cause and his insistence that 'Constantinople must be ours', Dostoevsky even exalted war on the ground that it is salutary and alleviates mankind, 'on condition of course that it is undertaken 'for an idea, in the name of a sublime and magnanimous principle'. That idea, in his prophetic vision, was nothing less than the regeneration of mankind through Russia's 'new, sane and as yet unheard-of word'. 'Every great people', he declared in January, 1877, 'believes, and must believe if it intends to live long, that in it alone resides the salvation of the world; that it lives in order to stand at the head of the nations, to affiliate and unite them all, and to lead them in a concordant choir towards the final goal pre-

ordained for them'. It is a pity that Dostoevsky could find no better vehicle for his sublime word than the bayonet and the Holy Synod's agent provocateur. Important as his political writings are for an understanding of the novelist's mind, it can scarcely be said that he rendered much service to Holy Russia or the world in general by his advocacy of Great Russian chauvinism, however much he wrapped it up in religious romanticism.

In his *Diary*, Dostoevsky often deplored, not without reason, the cultural rift that the Petersburg empire had created between rulers and people. But even here, his enthusiasm led him astray, towards an unhistoric idealisation of ancient Muscovy. 'There is no culture among us, my dear Constantine Petrovich', he wrote privately to Pobedonostsev in 1879, 'and this is because of that Nihilist Peter the Great'. He could have added that if there was no culture, it was because western civilisation had never really been given a chance. It was not its fault if the morality of the knout and the *Domostroy* had proved too strong for it.

It should not be concluded that on the theme of Russian civilisation, Dostoevsky's *Diary* contains no message worth studying. The address on Pushkin is one of the profoundest things he wrote, and indeed departs from his earlier negative attitude towards Europe. For the poet is shown to be supreme not only as an incarnation of Russian individuality and national strength, but as an embodiment of the 'poetic images of other nations in which their genius is incarnated'. Through Pushkin, Dostoevsky seeks to prove that the Russian's destiny is incontestably all-European and universal; that to become a genuine and all-round Russian means to become brother of all men. In this sense alone could the tragic misunderstanding of Slavophilism versus Westernism be dissipated. The Pushkin speech with its humanistic tone does much to wipe out the impression of Dostoevsky's jingo tirades.

Leaving aside ideological questions, *The Diary of a Writer* is precious for its chapters of literary comment and reminiscence. There is first-hand material on Herzen, Chernyshevsky, Belinsky, Nekrasov and Tolstoy, indispensable to the student of Russian letters. The story of his own literary beginnings, of Nekrasov and Grigorovich coming to wake him at four in the morning to congratulate him on *Poor Folk*, of Belinsky's prediction that he would become a great writer, of his condemnation and exile—all this is wonderfully narrated. And if it were only for the sake of 'A Little Boy at Christ's Christmas Tree' and 'The Meek One', two of the most inspired and perfect of Dostoevsky's stories, these two volumes would be a valued acquisition.

D. M. LANG

CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent critics

TELEVISION

Boxing Nights

'READER, HAVE YOU EVER seen a fight?' Hazlitt asked in a memorable essay. Put to television-set owners these last few days, the question might have drawn forth a loud affirming shout. True, we have not seen a face 'made red with ruin' nor is that a consummation devoutly to be wished for from colour television when it comes. We cannot claim to have looked on the like of the Gas-man or Bill Neate. We were not even given a glimpse of a carrier pigeon descending with the news of victory to the bosom of a waiting wife. Possibly it could be disputed that as viewers we have seen a fight within the Hazlitt meaning of the word.

We can insist on this, that for a few brief and exhilarating minutes we saw science brought back to the ring. From the Hoxton Baths the other evening television filled our screens with the decent excitements of a boxing match in which for once self-mastery was as vital an element as success over the other fellow. The disciplined display of the boxer named Barnham was refreshing to see. Announced to us as 'a seasoned ringster from Fulham', he showed a dignity unassailable by the crudest clichés of fancy. His gloves were packed with logic, reminding us of the classic days. The Braitman-and-Ezra promoting partnership, defying powerful objections to the televising of sport, won our applause for this pleasurable and reassuring experience. As sportsmen they will wish to share our acknowledgments with the men at the

cameras, who in the middle of a succession of thrilling pictures produced the unexpected flourish of a trick shot by which we saw the two boxers in their corners in the same close-up.

The cries and whistlings of raffishness, loud on the air at Hoxton, were a dimensional embellishment notably absent from the other boxing occasion to which we viewers were invited a few evenings later. Transport Command sponsored the proceedings, which were remarkable



Christopher Mayhew opens a new series of television programmes, 'International Commentary', with a talk on 'Titoism'



Match between (left) Freddie Smith (Sheffield), and (right) Tommy Barnham (Fulham), televised from Hoxton Baths, London, on February 16



Harold Clarke shows Joan Gilbert some of his collection of Staffordshire pot-lids in 'Designed for Women' on February 22

crimination has usually been a function of the cutting-room rather than of the camera. 'Television Newsreel' seems to have decided that there is virtue in selection before and not after shooting the pictures. Its handling of Lord Mountbatten's Burma campaign report and its coal situation survey were part of an improving process encouraging the highest hopes for its future. Holme Moss, Kirk o' Shotts, Wenvoe: they are of the future and the preview which the newsreel gave us the other day of these embryo B.B.C. television relay stations showed a stimulating and perhaps impatient awareness of it.

'International Commentary' made its own reputation last year in the orbit of the headlines, and its new series, opening with the subject of Titoism, got off to a good topical start. Christopher Mayhew brings a quiet relish to his job of definition and explanation and with it a note

this time for the discipline of the onlookers. Not all of us had known that a pin-drop silence is a 'must' of Royal Air Force boxing arrangements. During the rounds we heard nothing but the thud of blows as they were delivered and received. They sounded like the bludgeonings of fate, intimidating echoes superimposed on a series of far from homeric contests. Transport Command gave us some untarnished if hardly fine-art boxing and the camera treated it with respect, seeking out points of technique with the eye of a connoisseur.

In the film recording of current events dis-

of unassertive authority. But he cannot fend off camera boredom at the limitations inseparable from all commentary programmes. Who can? The problem has obviously been bothering the producer of 'We Beg to Differ', for example. He has lately had his team turning their handbags and pockets inside out, trying on hats, and composing themselves in life-with-father attitudes round the studio, with no very satisfying results.

Action is the television imperative for a majority of viewers and so it quite evidently is for the most effective camera work. This was demonstrated, obliquely but convincingly, in 'Is Seeing Learning?' the programme which showed some of the films that are revolutionising classroom teaching in this country. It supplied incidental provocation for thought about the prospects of television as a teaching medium. Roger Manvell, the *compère*, is one of our more conscientious students of the film as a social force. Unlike many members of education committees, he appears to have made up his mind about its importance in education and training. Leaving out their teaching merits, the extraordinary underwater film of a submarine in action and that rocket-camera film which has

knocked the flat-earth theory for six took ruthless hold of the attention.

The fact-gathering journeys of Edward Ward and Marjorie Banks are better known to listeners than to viewers. They gave a decided lift last week to 'Designed for Women', when Ward talked about their recent Unesco tour to see how the young war victims of Europe are finding life these five years after. 'Designed for Women' is one of the steadily improving programmes. A surer editorial touch would accelerate the process. Talking of journeys, it is to be hoped that playing trains will not become a television fixation. At Waterloo recently we were conducted on what proved to be a thoroughly instructive visit of inspection behind the scenes. 'Meet the Traveller', last week, was the product of more organisation than imagination.

REGINALD POUND

BROADCAST DRAMA

There Are Plays and Plays

'THERE ARE CRIMES AND CRIMES', Strindberg's strange comedy, has occupied the back of my mind all the week since last Monday. To say I was glad to hear it again on Sunday would perhaps be an overstatement, but it was pleasant to have the opportunity of checking some baffling things. All in all Wilfrid Grantham's production was helpful—or shall I say a help to me? For I find this play peculiarly difficult.

An irritated Scandinavian, writing to the editor of another journal last week in order to trounce the lady ballet critic who had attributed 'Miss Julie' to Ibsen, exclaimed: 'Is Strindberg ever to get the credit for anything in this country?' The complainant does not do much listening-in, I think! And surely the trouble is that too long we thought of 'Miss Julie' (which is only Maupassant with knobs on) as being typical. Now, thanks to the B.B.C., we have at least some idea of 'Married Alive', 'The Dream Play', and now this.

For years I thought that the title, in Swedish 'Brott och Brott', must mean something like 'Guns or Butter', or at least 'Bed and Breakfast'. I never connected it with a play called 'Smoke', which I had sat through, performed by a lady with a powerful Miteuropa accent in one of the subscription theatres which are like riding on top of an old-fashioned bus (only much slower). But this experience, harrowing at the time, had apparently sowed seed. I found myself catching on to this radio production. But the woman is still utterly maddening; and the heavy, almost coy elusiveness is a handicap to the simple enjoyment such as I bring to the doings of Dodie Dale or Mrs. Bebe Lyons. A comedy? Well, hardly. An irony perhaps. But the surface of the play isn't even mildly poetic or witty or anything other than the novelettish Parisian goings-on which are as tiresome in Ouida as in bad Maupassant ('*Fort comme la Mort*' for instance): a dreary, conventional atmosphere for a guilty fugue, all the world over. I strive to be interested in the man and woman as such; and I *am* interested in their problem. But what is Strindberg finally trying to say? Agreed that there are crimes which no jury would convict you for, and which can only be expiated by yourself. Agreed that it was wicked to commit 'murder in the heart' upon little Marion. But are we to infer that if she had not in fact died (of natural causes—to make things harder—rather than being minced up at a level crossing) then the crime would have been—what? As great, greater, more, or less expiable? I feel—and no doubt sound—very stupid about this. But I pray the B.B.C. not to give up now. If we hear enough Strindberg, especially as well adapted, produced and played

as this, we shall eventually learn, shall we not?

The other considerable play—by reason of its sincerity—was 'Morning Departure'. I have seen this before on stage and on screen and I have seen and heard plays like it—to the formula of various brave types submerged, surrounded, stranded, adrift with mild variations in character, but all basically the same. Touching in their sympathy for mute heroism, such pieces also tend to run to a pattern which strikes me as less true and commendable; the pattern of representing all those at the base—or the Admiralty or the War Office or whatever it is—as a set of selfish, futile fogs. The tradition is an old one no doubt, but is it not rather overdone nowadays? In the last war there were some 'contemptible Civil Servants' even who worked with a loyalty and a devotion for which they paid with their lives. 'Morning Departure', however, tries to be fair. Once again we heard a good performance by James McKechnie.

I fear 'Children's Hour' does not get all the praise it should in this column; Anthony Buckridge's 'Jennings' plays are a joy on their own. So are some literary features on the Third, for instance Michael Swan, with Dennis Arundell, in a study of Pope's letters.

PHILIP HOPE-WALLACE

THE SPOKEN WORD

Humour

IF A MAN WERE TO SET ABOUT writing a treatise on humour he would soon find himself involved not only in psychology and physiology, but in the history of civilisation and goodness knows what else. In short, a very pervasive subject! Little wonder, then, that the B.B.C. should devote so much of its energy to providing humour in all its variety from the crude and uproarious to that subtle sort which provokes not a laugh, nor even a smile, but the deep mental satisfaction that produces neither sound nor change of countenance. In my department there is no regular ration of humour. It comes and goes by fits and starts and it was mere accident that brought me a round half-dozen of humorous programmes last week. The lightest of these (in the Home Programme) was a highly amusing story, 'That's the Spirit', by two writers, David Lloyd James and David Clayton. The local psychological research club, it appeared, had visited a haunted house in the neighbourhood with all the proper apparatus and had duly spotted the ghost. The story was told by an eminent member of the club (the chairman, was he?) and the humour consisted not so much in the events as in this gentleman's earnest, prim, and meticulously detailed account of them. He was impersonated by Walter Hudd who put him across with the most accomplished verisimilitude.

Byron's youthful letters, written while he was making the Grand Tour in 1809-11, are well suited to reading aloud. Their style seems to reproduce the very voice and tones of the lively, impressionable young man, conscientiously resolved not to be unduly impressed by new experiences. A selection, read by Harry Carter and Lionel Dunn, made a very pleasant accompaniment to afternoon tea, and a morning talk by C. R. Milne called 'Cold Chicken and Grottoes', had something of the same lively quality. Mr. Milne, in describing an expedition and picnic in France, treated the grottoes of the Dordogne and the formidable Gouffre de Padirac with a proper levity, and this, combined with his breezy delivery, made a most amusing quarter-of-an-hour.

Dejoe's 'The True-Born Englishman', that savagely satirical poem on the English, pro-

voked by their opposition to William III, was stronger meat. It was divided among three readers. Frederick Allen read magnificently and I wished he had read it all. Mary Ward read well, but it is essentially a poem for a male voice, and Howard Marion-Crawford impaired his reading, I thought, by superimposing upon it a sarcasm which was already amply present in the poem.

David Low on the U.S.S.R. cartoonists of *Krokodil* combined first-rate art criticism with a subtle humour which made a most instructive and amusing talk and the same may be said of Herbert Read on the mobiles of 'The Inspired Tinker'—Alexander Calder. We are accustomed to regard modern art, he drily observed, as 'anything but a joke', but these delicately balanced contraptions which at the touch of a finger or a breath of air will spin into a new configuration, are irresistibly amusing. A critic recently argued to my satisfaction that these mobiles are not art, and now Mr. Read comes along and proves, to my greater satisfaction, that they are. Calder, he remarked, must be taken seriously but not solemnly. But what was most satisfying about Mr. Read's talk was the talk itself. Its prose combined absolute naturalness of expression with an extreme aptness of definition. Coleridge said that poetry is 'the best words in the best order'. If that is so, then Mr. Read's talk was a poem. A prose-poem? I dislike elastic-sided terms such as this and I simply declare that it was a work of art; in fact just such an amusing work of art as a Calder mobile. It is a long time since I heard a talk from which I received at the same time so many different kinds of enjoyment.

MARTIN ARMSTRONG

BROADCAST MUSIC

Early Verdi

THE BROADCAST OF 'Nabucco' was one of the most completely successful transmissions of opera by way of a foreign recording we have heard for a long time. The recording by Radio Italiana was first-rate—an opinion I am all the more delighted to express as I had criticised adversely a recent Italian recording and coupled with it, owing to a misunderstanding, some censure of a recording made in this country of a performance which took place in Italy. One cannot be too careful in observing these fine distinctions! The 'Nabucco' recording was clear and well-balanced as between voices and orchestra, and came over with really vivid effect.

The performance, too, was of a high order. Abigail is, from the dramatic point of view, a part 'to tear a cat in', but vocally it belongs to the great *bel canto* style, demanding supreme control of the vocal tone, great flexibility and a wide range. The part requires a mezzo-soprano quality, yet soars to high C by way of the most elaborate *fioriture*. Caterina Mancini, a new singer to me, seems to be possessed of all the qualifications. Her voice sounded even in tone throughout the scale and of beautiful quality. Here is evidently a fine Amneris or Eboli or Azucena—her voice might be *too* beautiful for Verdi's conception of Lady Macbeth, whom he wished to sound 'hard and stifled and dark'. Sung as it was with great dramatic power and fine vocal style, the part of Abigail proved a worthy forerunner of those great roles.

The other leading part, the baritone Nebuchadnezzar, was magnificently sung by Paolo Silveri, whose voice sounded splendid and free. Perhaps this underlines the point I made in a recent criticism of the English version of 'Don Carlos'; for in his performances in English at Covent Garden Signor Silveri did not achieve such beautiful and exciting singing.

His first entry is wonderfully built up by Verdi; the march may be trumpery, but the composer was already a master of dramatic effect. One could almost see the king riding into the Temple at the head of his troops. It is all the more curious that Verdi should have made so little, musically, of the miracle whereby the crown is struck from the blasphemous king's head. On the other hand, he provided the singer with some wonderfully subtle and pathetic material in the scenes where his wits wander. The duet with Abigail might be a sketch for the Lear and Goneril he contemplated for so many years, but never achieved, and the aria at the beginning of the last act is a beautiful piece

without the obviousness of the middle-period baritone songs like 'Di Provenza' and 'Il balen'. Signor Silveri seized these opportunities for characterisation and admirably communicated the change reflected in the music, when the king's wits are restored and he becomes once more a man of action.

Fenena and Ishmael are conventional characters with nothing very individual to sing, and Gabriella Gatti and Mario Binci could do no more than sing their music well. Zachariah, the bass, is better drawn, and has a beautiful cavatina in the first act as well as his famous 'Prayer' in the second, which Antonio Cassinelli sang with noble dignity and a good finish in

the *coloratura*. The chorus, which is important, sang with great liveliness, and the orchestral performance under Fernando Previtali belied the criticisms, old and new, that the score is noisy and brassy. Verdi certainly was not the experienced composer he became twenty years later, but, while his score is simple and his effects are sometimes crude, there is no lack of poetry and even of sensibility in this vigorous work. I see that during the year Radio Italiana are broadcasting all Verdi's operas, except two or three real failures like 'Alzira' and 'Stiffelio'. I hope the Third Programme will give us an opportunity of hearing some of the others.

DYNELEY HUSSEY

Peter Warlock and English Song

By NORMAN SUCKLING

Recitals of Warlock's songs will be broadcast at 6.0 p.m. on Sunday, March 4, and Tuesday, March 6, and at 10.45 p.m. on Friday, March 9 (all Third)

JUST over twenty years ago there died the finest English song-composer since the seventeenth century: one who did as much in the realm of the solo song as Vaughan Williams, Bax or Ireland in the larger orchestral and chamber-music forms to set his country once again in the forefront of the musical scene. Philip Heseltine had grown up with the liberation—temporary at least—of musical opinion in England from various ill-founded preconceptions which had acquired the force of an orthodoxy. Like so many artists of fruitful originality, he derived his strength largely from a knowledge of the remoter past as against the comparatively recent past which was the mainstay of musical education in his pupil age. He threw himself whole-heartedly into the rediscovery of Elizabethan music; his editions of lutanist ayres were almost as early in the field as those of Dr. Fellowes, and, not content with the ayres proper (which were Jacobean rather than Elizabethan) he rescued from oblivion a number of solo songs with accompaniment for strings which really did belong chronologically to the reign of the Queen. Similarly, where others were content to know only the Italianate sonatas of Purcell, 'Peter Warlock' rediscovered his fantasies and thus set going a whole campaign of musical research into the English seventeenth century, of which Professor Ernst Meyer's book is one of the most recent evidences. And his literary culture was no unworthy handmaid to his musical achievement.

From Delius he learned the central lesson offered by that still undervalued composer—the primary importance of that sensuous element in music which (to borrow for my purposes a distinction of Miss Edith Sitwell's) I may call texture as contrasted with structure. What Delius had done with orchestral texture for the exploitation of rare moods (as distinct from the few familiar ones which were all that the majority of nineteenth-century composers cared about) Warlock did in the more restricted domain of the solo song; and it would seem that he was helped to this skill in musical translation by his own curious emotional constitution, which gave some of his acquaintance the effect of a split personality: the sensitive, retiring Philip and the rumbustious Peter.

Aldous Huxley's remarkable 'double portrait' of Gumbriel and Coleman in *Antic Hay* carries this view of him to the length of a *tour de force*. I cannot say whether it adequately represents the man, even to the limited extent of his contemporaries' insight into him—I did not

know him; but it is less than just to the musician. For, however well 'Coleman' may account for the light-hearted, full-voiced songs such as 'Jillian of Berry' or 'Mr. Belloc's Fancy' which he tossed off with apparent ease, 'Gumbriel' is far too ineffective a creature to stand satisfactorily for those other revelations of his nature—of the type of 'A Sad Song' or 'The Sick Heart'—for which 'melancholy' is too romantic a term, and which reached their farthest limit of heartbreaking intensity in 'The Curlew'. It is in these that the peculiar genius of Warlock for finding a musical translation of rare moods makes itself most evident. To turn to him from even the best English song-writers of a previous generation—even Parry or Somervell—is to experience something akin to the *frisson nouveau* which Victor Hugo claimed to have got from the poetry of Baudelaire.

For throughout the nineteenth century—perhaps owing to the double influence of the Schubertian *Lied* and the *salon* ballad—the staple diet of song-writing in England had been a kind of poetry never meant, it would appear, to be taken quite seriously or related to anything that we regarded as essential in our experience. Verses about witches, or nightingales, or impossibly sentimental children, were considered appropriate for musical setting for the very reason that these matters could not be expected to stand on the same level of reality as the objects of our closer concern. Of Warlock's immediate seniors who broke away from this tradition, Ireland was perhaps the nearest to him; Holst and Bax had in their widely divergent ways exploited an element of the exotic, whether Indian or Irish, whose remoteness was itself a guarantee against the unreality of the superficial; while Armstrong Gibbs discovered a world of his own in the tenuous loveliness of Walter de la Mare's poetry. Warlock however is neither exotic nor remote; nor, on the other hand, had he anything to do with the folklorists' tendency to find new significances in the *homely* aspects of English life; he never, I think, set any words by Housman. But his songs show an awareness of unexplored and sometimes heart-sickening realities essentially contemporary in their reference, whether he took his text from Renaissance poetry or from the twentieth century: whether it were the nameless tragedy hidden behind the cryptic fragment of 'The Bailey beareth the Bell away', the quietly hopeless utterance of a disillusioned lover in 'And wilt thou leave me thus', or the ineffable calm, all passion spent, of 'The Night'. In his sensi-

tiveness to poetry he sometimes anticipated his own seniors; 'Rutterkin' is anterior by a dozen years to Vaughan Williams' 'Five Tudor Portraits', whose last number is set to the same words and which are now established, I suppose, as the chief representatives in English music of that full-bloodedness described by Mr. Belloc as 'the way they set to work in England before the Puritans came'. The combined powers of chorus and orchestra have not produced anything more forceful than the 'Rutterkin' of Warlock, to whom must be credited the main share in the discovery of late-medieval and early-Renaissance lyricism as material for the composer.

He is indeed the perfect example in English music of a great minor composer who never sets us deploring the absence of those who work on a larger scale. The literary lion in Chekhov's 'Seagull' proposed as his own epitaph: 'Here lies Trigorin; he was a good writer, but inferior to Turgenev'. That is exactly the reflection that never presents itself to our minds with regard to Warlock, and it is for this reason that he deserves to be named in the same breath with Campion, Duparc or Wolf. In him the astringently bitter spirit of the 'twenties found its most characteristic English expression: an age which knew how to be Epicurean without being discouraged by the *amari aliquid*, and to live without illusions while still not pitying itself for their absence. The 'thirties gave us what was perhaps in some ways a more spid achievement, but I am not sure that some of the tonic essence of the earlier period was not missing. At any rate it hardly survived Warlock himself in his own chosen domain. One composer only, that I can think of, benefited by his example; it is Moeran, whose Joyce settings owe a great deal to the influence of his chromatic manner as in the 'Peterisms' and the 'Saudades'—itself derived in part from Delius—and whose more virile utterances such as 'Troll the Bowl' could hardly have been written but for the model of 'Rutterkin', 'Good Ale' and their like. But Warlock himself seems to have been aware that the conquests of his decade were in process of being partly abandoned by the next. Not long before Warlock's suicide, Mr. Hubert Foss told me that he had found him complaining that there were not any longer two ideas knocking together in his head. So it came about that the dreadful despair of the 'Curlew' remains as the last word of his musical testament to posterity; and, when all is said, is there any word beyond that one?

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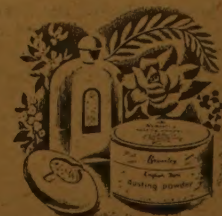
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Advice for the Housewife

FRIED APPLE CAKE

THIS MAKES an unusual addition to the tea-table. The ingredients are:

- 6 tablespoons of flour
- 3 tablespoons of sugar
- 1 teaspoon of baking powder
- 4 medium-sized apples
- 2 oz. of margarine
- milk
- lard for frying

Sieve the flour and baking powder into a bowl, rub in the margarine and add the sugar; then peel and chop the apples coarsely and add to the other ingredients. Mix in sufficient milk to bind the cake, and form into a round shape about 1 inch thick. Flour well.

Melt some lard in a frying-pan and put the cake into this. Fry very slowly until golden brown on the bottom and then turn and cook the other side. As soon as both sides are golden brown serve and eat at once.

MRS. REITH ORAM

THE RIGHT WAY TO IRON

A wrong way to iron is to wobble the iron up and down the garment in a jerky sort of way. The right way is to iron as you mow a lawn, in smooth straight lines down and back again. And of course there is a special way of ironing most things.

Take pillow cases, for instance. Turn the slip inside out and do the flap first. Then iron each side in turn with the seam just right, leaving an unironed piece in the middle: you iron the middle piece last. A pillow case should always be ironed on the wrong side, especially if it is linen, to give a dull finish.

To iron a sheet thoroughly you should take from a quarter of an hour to twenty minutes. But you could do it in less if you run it through the wringer a couple of times. And try putting a little starch in the last rinsing water. It makes all the difference to the ironing of sheets and

pillow cases. It gives them a nice sort of crispness and they keep clean and fresh much longer. You need 1 large tablespoon, mixed into a paste with water, to every 2 gallons of rinsing water.

Table linen is the only kind that needs to be ironed on the right side. The best way to iron a tablecloth is to give it a quick iron on the wrong side when it is still damp—steaming it; it is called—then turn it over and finish it off on the right side. Anything with lace or embroidery should be ironed with something thick underneath for the embroidery to sink into when you press. That applies to embroidery on blouses or underwear as well. And corduroys, too, should be ironed on the wrong side with a towel underneath. The best way with ordinary velvet is to steam it thoroughly from the back.

Crepe must be ironed lightly when it is perfectly dry, with a cool iron on the wrong side. Crepe has rubber and wax in it, and you bring the wax to the top if you iron it when it is still a little damp. Real taffeta can be ironed damp; or if it is a very good taffeta, rather wet: iron on the wrong side always. But some of the cheaper taffetas nowadays are loaded up with metallic salts and that kind should be dried thoroughly, then ironed on the wrong side under a damp cloth. For artificial silk use a cool—almost cold—iron.

Most people find men's shirts difficult to iron. First you should do the yoke, then the collar-band, then the piece that buttons up, then cuffs and sleeves, then the back, and finish by ironing the front of the shirt, buttoning it up first.

If you have a scorch mark, put it into cold water at once and leave it to soak. It will probably go. If it is rather deeper, rub the mark with a lemon and hang in the sun, or anyhow the daylight. It is a good idea to keep a newspaper by your side when you are ironing anything like artificial silk, crepe or anything tricky. Keep your iron on that, and if it does not become discoloured in 15-20 seconds your iron is

all right for ironing almost any fine material. Here is another tip: when you are ironing starched things your iron is inclined to get sticky at the end. Put a piece of beeswax in a clean rag, and as your iron gets sticky rub it on the rag, then on another piece of dry cloth, and you will find it will run smoothly all the time. Eventually the wax will melt completely into the rag and that rag will last you for months. It is good for cleaning your iron too.

DAISY PAIN

Some of Our Contributors

H. N. BRAILSFORD (page 326): journalist, author, and editor of *The New Leader*, 1922-26; Relief Agent in Macedonia, 1903; member of the Carnegie International Commission in the Balkans, 1913

DEREK EZRA (page 331): member of the British Delegation to the Coal Committees of the Economic Commission for Europe and the Organisation for European Economic Co-operation

ARTHUR BRYANT, C.B.E., LL.D. (page 335): historian and journalist; author of *Samuel Pepys—the Man in the Making*, *Samuel Pepys—the Years of Peril*, *Samuel Pepys—the Saviour of the Navy*, etc.

H. L. BEALES (page 337): Reader in Economic History, London School of Economics, since 1931; author of *Industrial Revolution*, *Early English Socialists*, *Chartism*, etc.

STEPHEN TOULMIN (page 338): Lecturer in the Philosophy of Science, Oxford University; author of *Reason in Ethics* and *An Examination of the Place of Reason in Ethics*

D. M. LANG (page 353): Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge; Lecturer in Georgian at the School of Oriental and African Studies, London; formerly Vice-Consul at Tabriz; specialist in Caucasian and Russian languages and literature

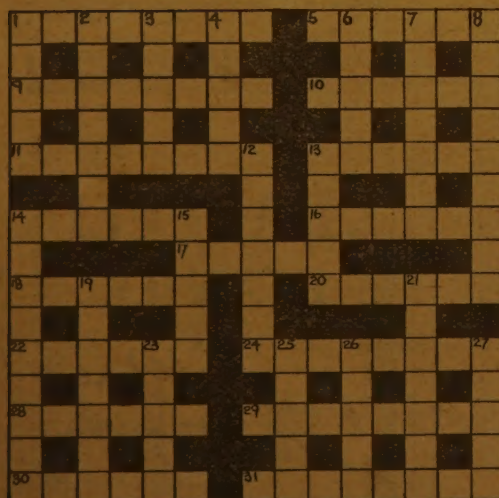
Crossword No. 1,087.

Schizologia II.

By Tyke

Prize (for the first five correct solutions opened): Book token, value 12s. 6d.

Closing date: First post on Thursday, March 8



1 Ac., 12 Dn. and 31 Ac. are normal. In the remainder, the clue leads to an intermediate word having the number of letters shown in brackets. This intermediate word is divided into two parts, one of which, without further alteration, is inserted in the appropriately-numbered spaces to form either the beginning or the end of an entirely new word. The other part, again without alteration, will be required elsewhere in the puzzle to complete a word. Thus HARDEST, ROYAL and FOR might lead to DESTROY and FOAL, leaving HAR and R for use with other part-words. Chambers' *Twentieth Century Dictionary* has been used as the authority for words and definitions.

CLUES—ACROSS

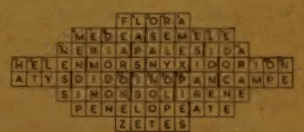
1. Struggles begin with stories from the French (8).
5. Not here and consequently before a warning cry (5).
9. The art to which Frederick should have been apprenticed (8).
10. Milky fluid is a long-delayed unknown quantity (5).
11. Kind of lamp for a university invigilator (9).
13. You need a nose for this (8).
14. Tidal change reveals a guitar key (5).
16. A word that obviously cannot be clothed with precise meaning: quite the opposite, in fact (8).
17. Essential part—of one of Sherlock Holmes' best-known remarks (7).
18. Take the heart out of a number of people (4).
20. Not at all straightforward (7).
22. Fine stately houses require such assets for their construction (6).
24. 'It is impossible to enjoy — to the full unless one has plenty of work to do' (Jerome) (6).
28. Heavy cavalry provide one of a set of convex curves forming a decorative pattern (7).
29. Supplied with necessary information and exposed to public reproach (6).
30. 'As his horse to the — we hurried' (Wolfe) (7).
31. Chins get changed for works of art (8).

DOWN

1. Wise men do not use the arts of sorcery to the full (4).
2. Games needing a combination of care and dash (8).
3. A striped lizard has swallowed a fish (8).
4. Doubled (5).
6. Floating sons rather as though a female relative were being contradicted (6).
7. The fore-runner of ether aldehyde (6).
8. Sounds like the time you had food, but simplify the answer (9).
12. Surround an Eastern European standing on his head at the bottom (7).
13. Makes me quite ill (6).
14. Often cut for a sauce (5).
15. Petty argument makes me quite ill—nearly! (7).
19. Earth round the edge causes ingrained dirt (5).
21. Architectural feature of certain castles mentioned in the songs of former London jongleurs (6).
23. Permit to prevent a legal hindrance (3).
25. Talisman probably used by thousands at race-meetings: a thousand at one course, anyhow (6).
26. Thanks to a small bird, we are provided with an Indian umbrella (6).
27. Jackal family from the South (5).

Solution of No. 1,085

Prizewinners: E. S. Ainley (Harrow); Miss B. Clarkson (Westcliff-on-Sea); Lt.-Col. K. E. Cooper (Dinard, France); E. G. Phillips (Bangor); R. D. Strachan (Peterhead)



NOTES

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